HEAVY METAL®

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

August 1982
$2.00
WPS 36587

Inside... Bernie Wrightson's FREAK SHOW

DIRECT HACSA 08
0
JNX_SCANZ

"YOU'RE ALL CRAZY"

That's what the publishers of comic books in the late Sixties were saying. "You can't sell comic books where one artist does his own writing, inking and lettering," they said. "The public wants assembly-line art. You guys are crazy."

They were right — but after over 1,000,000 underground comix have been sold, it seems like they were only right about the last part. These artists **were** crazy, and countless fans have enjoyed their brand of insanity ever since. Underground comix are alive and well after over a decade of breaking the old rules of cartooning. And they are available, through this offer, in their original form.

You must be 18 to order these outstanding collections of adult comic art.

New, Improved Sex Package. 5 unbelievably unrestrained comix that will set fire to your libido — and tickle your funnybone. **$7.50**

Dynamite Dope Package. 5 of the best collections about dope and dopers. Light up and read. **$7.00**

Comix Funnies Package. These 5 comix will stimulate your laugh nodules like they've never been tickled before. **$6.75**

Current Crumb Package. 5 comix from the master of the underground featuring his more recent work — including a magazine he wrote and edited. **$6.75**

Fantasy Comix Package. Artists like Richard Corben and Jack Katz do their thing in unrestrained medium. Wow! 5 titles. **$6.25**

☐ Yes! Send me some of the most amazing adult cartooning available. I certify that I am 18 years of age or older.

_____Dynamite Dope Package @ $7.00 (KGDOPE2)
_____New, Improved Sex Package @ $7.50 (KGSEX3)
_____Current Crumb Package @ $6.75 (KGCRUMB2)
_____Comix Funnies Package @ $6.75 (KGFUNNY)
_____Fantasy Comix Package @ $6.25 (KGFANT1)

Please add $1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental US. (New York State residents, please add 8% sales tax)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

Send to: *Heavy Metal* Comix
Dept. HM-882
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

YOURS FREE WITH MEMBERSHIP

The DRAGONRIDERS of PERN

One mammoth edition including all 3 novels: *Dragonflight, Dragonquest,* and *The White Dragon* plus free carryall when you join!

1750 Pub.ed.$12.95

9290 Pub.ed.$12.95

9075 Pub.ed $19.95

9472 Spec.ed.

+6510 Pub.ed.$12.95

+9753 Spec.ed.

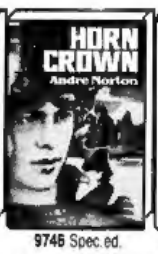
9878 Pub.ed.$10.95

9605 Pub.ed.$11.95

+0844 Pub.ed.$12.95

9811 Spec.ed.

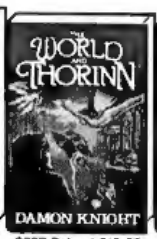
0299 Spec.ed.



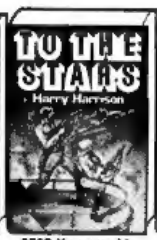
9745 Spec.ed.

9308 Pub.ed.$13.95

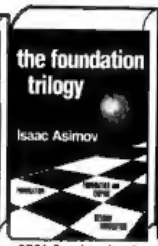
9989 Spec.ed.



8557 Pub.ed.$12.95



8730 Homeworld; Wheelworld; Starworld. Spec.ed.

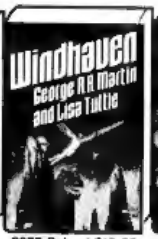


6221 Comb.pub.ed. $22.85

0075 All 5 Amber novels. 2 vols. Comb.pub.ed.$32.30

8532 Pub.ed $15.45

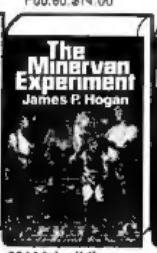
7832 Nonfiction. Pub.ed.$14.00



9977 Pub.ed.$13.95

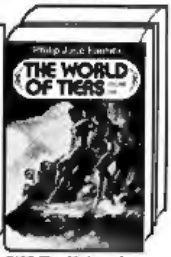
9951 Spec.ed.

4192 A Spell for Chameleon; The Source of Magic; Castle Roogna. Spec.ed.



9944 Inherit the Stars; The Gentle Giants of Ganymede; Giants' Star. Spec.ed.

6197 The Riddle-Master of Hed; Heir of Sea and Fire; Harpist in the Wind. Comb.pub.ed.$24.85



7195 The Maker of Universes; The Gates of Creation; A Private Cosmos; Behind the Walls of Terra; The Lavalite World. 2 vols. Spec.ed.

TAKE ANY 4 FOR $1 WITH MEMBERSHIP

and get *The Dragonriders of Pern* FREE plus a FREE carryall when you join!

DRAGONSLAYER™ is a trademark of Paramount Pictures.
*Explicit scenes and language may be offensive to some.

Science Fiction Book Club

Dept. DR-022, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

I want the best SF in or out of this world! Please accept my application for membership in the Science Fiction Book Club. Send me the 4 books I have numbered in the boxes below plus my free book and bill me just $1 (plus shipping and handling). I agree to the Club Plan as described in this ad. I will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices in the coming year and may resign any time thereafter. The FREE book and carryall will be mine to keep whether or not I remain a member. SFBC offers serious works for mature readers.

FREE BOOK	1.	2.	3.	4.

Mr.
Ms. _____
(Please print)

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

If under 18, parent must sign _____

The Science Fiction Book Club offers complete hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save you even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada. 96-S230

How the Science Fiction Book Club works:

When your application for membership is accepted, you'll receive your choice of any 4 books on this page for only $1 (plus shipping and handling) and a free copy of *The Dragonriders of Pern*. You may examine them in your home and, if not completely satisfied, return your 4 books within 10 days—membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing. The FREE book and carryall will be yours to keep whether or not you remain a member. About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), we'll send you the Club's bulletin, *Things to Come*, describing the 2 coming Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special Selections, always at low Club prices. If you want the 2 Selections, you need do nothing; they'll be shipped automatically. If you don't want a Selection, prefer an Alternate, or no book at all, just fill out the convenient form always provided, and return it to us by the date specified. We allow you at least 10 days for making your decision. If you do not receive the form in time to respond within 10 days and receive an unwanted Selection, you may return it at our expense. As a member you need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year. You may resign any time thereafter, or remain a member as long as you wish. One of the 2 Selections each month is only $2.98. Other Selections are slightly higher, but always much less than hardcover publishers' editions. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Send no money now, but do mail the coupon today!

Note: Prices shown are publishers' edition prices.

CONTENTS

Dossier, edited by **Lou Stathis** and **Daphne Davis,** 4

Freak Show, by **Bruce Jones.** Illustrated by **Berni Wrightson,** 11

The Voyage of Those Forgotten, by **P. Christin.** Illustrated by **Enki Bilal,** 20

The Ape, by **Silverio Pisu.** Illustrated by **Milo Manara,** 25

Amusing Stories section, frontispiece illustration by **Carlo Moggia,** 33

A Day in the Log of the *City of Alger,* by **Jean-Pierre Dionnet.** Illustrated by **Enki Bilal,** 34

Right Smack in the Middle of a Cold War, by **Fromental.** Illustrated by **Floch,** 38

Classics from the Intergalactica Museum, by **Michael Gross,** 46

The Final Tap, by **Caza,** 50

The Story of the Flaxen-haired Princess, the Beautiful Doe, and Big Ol' Kittycat, by **Nicole Claveloux,** 51

The Bugle, by **Bill Plympton,** 59

Suburban Love, by **Gerry Capelle,** 61

See Spot Run, by **Dan Steffan,** 65

Chain Mail, 71

Den II, by **Richard Corben,** 73

I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones,** 77

The Incal Light, by **Jodorowsky.** Illustrated by **Moebius,** 78

Zora, by **Fernando Fernandez,** 82

Yragael, by **Druillet,** 86

Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.,** 94

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner,** 96

Front cover, Voltomat, by **Thomas Warkentin**

Back cover, "Just a Bit off the Top, Mack!" by **Christopher Mark Brennan**

"The Incal Light," by Jodorowsky and Moebius, "A Day in the Log of the *City of Alger,*" by Dionnet and Bilal, "Right Smack in the Middle of a Cold War," by Fromental and Floch, and "The Story of the Flaxen-haired Princess, the Beautiful Doe, and Big Ol' Kittycat," by Claveloux, are © 1982, *Metal Hurlant*, France. All rights reserved.

"Yragael," by Druillet, "The Final Tap," by Caza, and "The Voyage of Those Forgotten," by Bilal and Christin, are © 1982, Dargaud Editeur, France. All rights reserved.

"Den II," © 1981, by Richard Corben.

"Zora," by Fernando Fernandez, © 1981, Selecciones Ilustradas, Spain. All rights reserved.

"The Ape," by Pisu and Manara, © Milano Libri Edizioni, Milan, Italy.

All other copyrights are held by individual artists, agents, and/or representatives.

Editor: **Julie Simmons-Lynch**

Art Director: **John Workman**

Associate Editors: **Daphne Davis**
Lou Stathis

Copy Editor: **Mark Keyser**

Contributing Editor: **Steven Maloff**

Editorial Assistant: **Annette Collica**

Associate Art Director: **Bill Workman**

Art Assistant: **James Rios**

Foreign Rights Manager: **Christina Miner**

Special Projects: **Brad Balfour**
Michael Gross

Production Director: **Camille Russo**

Production Assistant: **Ray Battaglino**

Circulation Director: **George Agoglia, Sr.**

Marketing Director: **James T. Brown**

Editorial Director and Publisher
Leonard Mogel

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications Inc. ©1982 HM Communications Inc. 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semifiction is purely coincidental.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions; otherwise, return of artwork is not guaranteed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. $19.00 paid annual subscription, $32.00 paid two-year subscription, and $39.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $3.00 for Canada and $5.00 elsewhere. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* **James T. Brown,** Marketing Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 888-4070. *Midwest:* **Sanke-Guenther, Inc.,** River Plaza, 405 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 670-6800. *West Coast:* **Montague/Bass Media,** 4262 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010, (213) 933-9217. *Southern Offices:* **Brown & Co.,** 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, GA 30062, (404) 998-2889.

Jnx_Scanz_HoCsA !!!

HM COMMUNICATIONS is a subsidiary of
National Lampoon, Inc.
Chairman **Matty Simmons**
President **Julian L. Weber**
Chairman of the Executive Committee
Leonard Mogel
Sr. Vice-President **George S. Agoglia, Sr.**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard Atkins**
Vice-President, Finance **Peter Philipps**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales
Howard Jurofsky

"Awesome, totally awesome!"

FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH

An AZOFF/LINSON Production "FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH"
SEAN PENN JENNIFER JASON LEIGH JUDGE REINHOLD PHOEBE CATES
BRIAN BACKER ROBERT ROMANUS and RAY WALSTON Screenplay by CAMERON CROWE
Based on the book by CAMERON CROWE Executive Producer C.O. ERICKSON
Produced by ART LINSON and IRVING AZOFF Directed by AMY HECKERLING

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON FULL MOON/ASYLUM RECORDS AND TAPES

A UNIVERSAL Picture

© 1982 Universal City Studios, Inc.

COMING AUGUST 13 TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

DOSSIER

NU VINYL

EAR MOVIES

The soundtrack album must be the world's second-most useless variety of vinyl.* As home listening, movie music platters almost never make it—they're either too fragmented (short, unrelated bits rarely leading to any climax or resolution), too repetitive (recurring motifs not treated to variations so much as costume changes), too hackneyed (suspiciously reminiscent of other high-recognition music, thanks to haste, laziness, and/or calculated button-pushing), or like beached whales, stranded without the visual context that supplies the reason for their existence. Film music fulfills a support capacity, so why expect it to be self-sufficient?

Somewhere though, some requisitely perceptive individual—dollar bills dribbling from atrophied ears—noted that film soundtracks make money. Ain't no revelation that records sell whether Lou thinks they deserve to or not (hmpf), and millions of grinning slope-heads around the globe buy soundtrack albums far uncountable lame reasons. Most popular is the soundtrack-as-souvenir stratagem, in which the album jacket is packed with reminders of the film (lotsa color pix), causing the greenback-waving hordes to descend, eager to relive the experience (the same horde similarly ingests "novelizations"). Forget finding any useful info on the jacket (like who played that mean licorice-stick solo) and be satisfied with the viewer's name. Next is the merchandising spin-off maneuver, in which anything associated with the property is packaged or licensed to hook in more bucks. This requires market-savvy forethought in choosing a composer/singer/songwriter (beyond judging suitability to the film) to target the vinyl consumer and radio programmer (each on-air spin plugs the movie).

Once in a while, film music departs from the merely functional. Composers like Miklos Rosza and Max Steiner employed the traditional orchestral toolbox to color backgrounds, fill spaces, and aurally enhance the drama of numerous H-wood golden-agers. **Louis and Bebe Barron's** *Forbidden Planet* bio-mechanical siren-shrieks expanded the film scorer's range into the electronic realm in 1956, with **Walter Carlos's** music for *A Clockwork Orange* adding refinement fifteen years later (both these groundbreaking efforts are still available: the former from Planet Records, Box 3977, Beverly Hills, CA 90212, and the latter on Columbia's *Walter Carlos's Clockwork Orange, not* the Warner Bros. official soundtrack LP).

Giorgio Moroder, Vangelis, and Tangerine Dream are just about the only movie-music makers that do anything for me these days (the great Ennio Morricone still pops up, but far too infrequently). Europe-native Moroder first struck gold with his Oscarized *Midnight Express* soundtrack, and less well with *American Gigolo* (an abysmal film that spawned Blondie's massive "Call Me" hit), and he's now produced his best work for Paul Schrader's repulsively twisted *Cat People* (Boardstreet/MCA). Opening with the film's closer, Bowie's melodramatically crooned "Putting Out Fire," the LP concocts a visceral blend of distant voodoo drums, melancholic melodies, and meowing synths (been listening to John Hassell, Giorgio?). A superb soundtrack that's as listenable on record as it is effective on screen, lending tension and pathos to an otherwise fawdry undertaking.

Greek synthesist/composer **Vangelis Papathanassiou** (surname considerately dropped for Yankee linguistic cripples) has been busier than a Beverly Hills coke dealer since a bit of his 1975 *Heaven and Hell* LP was nicked for the *Cosmos* theme song. Though he's scored a bunch of crosspond film and TV projects, it took last year's nostalgia laxative *Chariots of Fire* (Polydor) to snatch American's reluctant attention. Its stirring, stiff-upper-lip romanticism has penetrated so profoundly into the collective inner ear that a TV commercial knock-off has already appeared. Since this Academy-certified bonanza, Vangelis has provided undistinguished (and unrecorded) incidental music for Costa-Gavras's *Missing*, and an as yet unsampled accompaniment to *Blade Runner* (a Polydor LP that should be skating into the stores any minute now).

French-Canadian Cro-Magnon co-production *Quest for Fire* could've used a Moroder or Vangelis to add pizazz in the LP dept. Theater-bound **Philippe Sarde's** music holds up fine (esp. the evocatively reedy Pan flutes), but on the turntable (courtesy of RCA Red Seal) many minutes of blustery, hysterical horns and whooping-crane violins add up to a meandering fizzle.

Randy Newman was an unlikely—and inspired—choice to score Robert Altman's filming of *Ragtime* (though Newman's ancestry certainly fits: uncles Lionel, Emil, and Alfred were all respected movie-musos).

Newman thankfully made the final cut (unfortunately Buffalo Bob didn't and was replaced by Milos Forman), and the resulting album (Elektra) is exactly the sly, understated gem one hoped it would be. Newman's compling piano has always recalled a hungover, Joplinesque stagger, so his idiosyncratic pastiches congenially coexist with the real thing here. Extra bonus is "Change Your Way," a brief fever-dream paranoia motif, the music consists mostly of urban ambient noise amplified into malevolence (with the addition of some Fats Waller fragments, bits of dialogue, and the wonderful "In Heaven" song co-written by Lynch and Peter Ivers, covered by Tuxedomoon on the *Live at the Deaf Club* compilation). Not music so much as sonic mood signals. Welcome to Lynch's nightmare.

—Lou Stathis

*The first? Comedy LPs, of course (except London Lee's), with sf writers reading their works pulling in a close third.

SCREEN AXER

Jimmy Page continues his tradition of utilizing unusual and/or experimental sounds with his soundtrack for *Deathwish II* (Swan Song). Hardcore Led Zeppelin fans might be put off at first by overbearing or depressing pieces, but Page is only expanding on concepts he previously toyed with.

Led Zeppelin have always included acoustic numbers on their LPs, and some of the tracks on *Deathwish II* are a natural outgrowth of earlier compositions. "The Rain Song" is one of them. Another, "Carol's Theme," is wonderfully tender, using an orchestra to gently caress the character and her situation.

"Who's to Blame," "City Sirens," "Jam Sandwich," "The Release," and "Hypnotizing Ways (Oh Mamma)"—all flaunting Page's signature riffs, fills, and leads—could have easily fit onto *L.Z.'s Presence or In through the Out Door.* Where Page's guitar used to dominate, here he mixes the other instruments with a more even hand.

Album blemishes like "The Chase" might work well within the film's context, but are just too depressing for home listening. Also, British blues belter Fairport defeliver's a particularly sucky vocal on the ill-advised opener "Who's to Blame."

Everybody isn't going to like *Deathwish II*, but considering Page's earlier work, no fan should really be surprised or shocked by it. It's definitely worth the effort.

—Annette Coillea

THE ELECTRIC WARHOL

The surreal, hallucinatory, and energized art of **Andy Warhol** is the core of a hot new import from West Germany. *Andy Warhol: Das Graphische Werk, 1962-1980* (distributed by Castelli Graphics, 4 East 77 Street, New York, NY 10021). This book, by Herman Wünsche and Warhol himself, functions as a kind of Rosetta stone into the pale prince's most recent photolithographic experiments—experiments that have become the medium of choice for today's avant-garde.

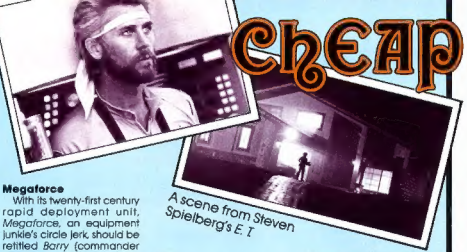
The medium consists of photographs (in Warhol's case, of Mao Tse-tung, Jimmy Carter, sex parts, skulls, etc.) that have been enlarged, Tempera-colored, somewhat rearranged, blotched and streaked, and otherwise funked with, and then run off as lithographs. A special kind of picture results—an icon of sorts—given its unique significance by the artist's particular placement of wildly colored streaks and smears. These wickedly glowing photolithographs can turn a downtown Manhattan art gallery into a holy place of marred, yet magical, artifacts.

In this way, Warhol transforms Jimmy Carter into a malevolently grinning madman—stripping away that ex-president's "down home" camouflage and revealing a gape-jawed mad-eyed beast that is bent upon ripping open the belly that is Ma and Pa gathered around the TV set. It is truly unsettling.

The piece entitled "Sex Parts" is a stunningly sleazy vision of vibrant pornography. The photos seem pulled from newsprint-smeared skin books, yet are somehow elevated by Warhol to become a mythopoeia of structuralized arcana—the hieroglyphs of a vanished civilization. The grubbily physical becomes the untouchably ionized.

—Gus Patukas

CHEAP SHRILLS



Barry Bostwick in *Megaforce*

A scene from Steven Spielberg's *E.T.*

Poltergeist

Hyped as a "science horror story," *Poltergeist* is really the thinking family's *Amityville Horror*. Lackadaisically directed by Tobe (*The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*) Hooper from a dreadful Steven Spielberg screenplay, this supernatural spin-off terrorizes the polyester denizens of your average suburban tract house. Trying your patience as well as your disbelief are the violent but unscary intrusions from the beyond, which attack mom, dad, big sister, little brother, and darling baby. One of the big, bad "superfos" irresistibly, but not permanently, draws baby girl into the TV set. An oak tree crashes through little bro's bedroom window as wind, smoke, and light machines (the real stars of the picture) swirl endlessly. Dad fails miserably (he should have left it to Beaver) to rescue his brood from the gaggle of vengeful spirits who once inhabited the graveyard that the family's ticky-tacky box is built on. A team of parapsychologists from the Yellow Pages is called in to perform an exorcism on the possessed house. Boring. According to Spielberg, every fourth person you know has encountered a poltergeist (does Casper the friendly one count?). If by chance you haven't been one and want to, check out this dumb ghost story and get it over with.

Megaforce

With its twenty-first century rapid deployment unit, *Megaforce*, an equipment junkie's sleeping jerk, should be retitled *Barry* (commander Ace Hunter) *Bostwick and the Moto-Cruiser Meet Smokey and the Bandit*. Action freaks, stunt-men groupies, and war-motorcycle connoisseurs will drool over the latest movie fashions in video war rooms. Spandex soldier garb, and the grown-up tiny toy motofighter cycles, motodestroyers (car-tank combos), and moto-cruisers (mobile shelters). Forget noncharismatic Bostwick's bagus extermination of mercenaries from a small democratic European nation (an excuse to show off Tac Com's pristine 360-degree laser weaponry) and run amok in the fiber-optic funland of sophisticated intelligence gathering systems—where the real hot shit action is. My favorite tel-com bugger zeroes in on military conversations in any country and pipes them back to Megaforce's listening post, by which time the info's obsolete.

Tron

For the first time since the disastrous *Black Hole*, the Disney folks have gotten hip to the formula of how to manufacture animated flicks through microchips (for the family that plays video games together and stays glued to cable TV together). As obsessed as they once were with beguiling animals and anthropomorphic objects (*Alice in Wonderland*'s talking doorknob), the gang from Disney World tackles the confusion, competition, and communication breakdowns between people and computers in *Tron*. The movie represents the thrust of Uncle Walt's progeny to compete with George Lucas's Industrial Light and Magic Company and Douglas Trumbull's without-glasses Showscan 3-D process (be on the lookout for it in his forthcoming *Brainstorm* and *Millennium*). In glistening, electric-kool-aid-colored grids, video-game inventor and crazed computer hack Jeff Bridges literally becomes "Tron Man." When he tries to avenge the big brother conglomerate he thinks has stolen his ideas, Bridges is sucked up and digitalized inside a computer. But our right stuff space invader fights his way out of the blinding "vidvoid" (shades of the minotaur).

Dungeon and Dragon fanatics will love *Tron* because, in the great Disney animation tradition, it gratifies through manipulation. Director Steven Lisberger kaleidoscopically choreographs live action with computer graphics to merge 3-D-ish sets, characters, and experiences. And, yes, there's a get-government-off-our-backs moral: the electric and light beings inside the computer want to overthrow the program which controls their destinies. Dazzling but empty techno-anarchy.

Kurt Russell stalks *The Thing*

Flying girl from *Poltergeist*

The Wall

Sleeper of the summer sf movie grab bag, director Alan (*Fame*) Parker's high-voltage cinematic reconstruction of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, starring Boomtown Rats vocalist Bob Geldof, gets the Ken (Tommy-drowns-in-psychedelia) Russell Award for meaningful rock and roll filmmaking. Reveling in a rock star's nervous breakdown (mock-alienation at its best and most excessively self-indulgent—don't you love to watch the rich and famous suffer?), this opus was shat to the swing and sway of PF and twenty-five additional minutes of bassist Roger Waters's music, which includes the new "When the Tigers Broke Free" (images of William Blake). The big treat of the detachment help but be the confection-colored visuals by Gerald Scarfe, who did the arresting and comfortably numb neo-no-wave animation for *The Wall* concert tour. Intricate Escheresque graphics collide with kitschy Seymour Chwast creatures as another celluloid brick dissolves into the wall of all flesh.

Jeff Bridges in *Tron*

The Thing

Who can resist *The Thing*, an extraterrestrial monster mash concocted by stick-as-art director John (*The Fog*) Carpenter and starring macho misculator Kurt (*Escape from New York*) Russell? Is the whatchamacallit that fell from the sky, lay buried for 100,000 years, and now roams free to attack, a bird, a plane, or a microbe? Big hint: it hides in the warmest place of all—Man. Definitely worth shelling out five bucks for, *The Thing* is a stunning visceral update of Howard Hawks's too classic *The Thing from Another World*, based on John W. Campbell, Jr.'s sf short "Who Goes There?" To his meditation on the monster in all men's souls, Carpenter adds the inescapable and biogenetic primordial link between earthlings and our extraterrestrial counterparts, both intelligent and non-intelligent. Ever the auteur purist, the director deserves applause for restoring the existential context and tension of Campbell's novella, i.e., destroying the "thing" becomes secondary to identifying it. Carpenter also gets an A+ for inventing a genuinely terrifying and conceptually designed avant-garde monster.

E.T.

Talk about beating a gimmick to death in the 1982 sf box office mega-sweepstakes; how many ways can you exploit good, bad, and benign extraterrestrials before terminal visual and mental constipation sets in for filmmaker and audience alike? In *E.T.*, movie mogul Steven Spielberg trots out ten-year-old, suburban latch-key orphan Elliott Taylor (will he grow up to be Den?), who's befriended by a lovable Muppetlike extra-terrestrial with a wide-eyed resemblance to Kermit the frog. Before too long, the meanies in white space suits take the creature, who's 300 million light years from home, away from his human playmate (please note earth child and space pet have the same initials—E.T., begging the question that they are one and the same or at least astral twins). Never one for subtlety, writer/director Spielberg, who's labeled *E.T.* "a sf fable for the 1980s" (puke), overloads the movie with cosmic verbal hardware and not enough fast and furious special effects of the *Close Encounters* variety. The only shred of nobility in the film is good, little Elliott Taylor's efforts to return the alien to his planet before adorable E.T. can be turned into a sitcom, a Hollywood Square, or a one-time guest spot on a daytime soap.

—Daphne Davis

DUCK SUIT

Steve Gerber, who wrote many of Marvel Comics' strangest stories in the seventies, is suing his former employers for the rights to his star creation, "Howard the Duck." Legal duels with large corporations don't come cheap, however, so, in order to support his litigation, Gerber has enlisted the aid of his fellow cartoonists to produce a "lawsuit benefit" comic, **Destroyer Duck**, the profits of which will go straight into Gerber's legal purse.

As a group, comic book creators have never felt particularly well treated by the publishing companies, and several creators have leapt at the chance to help make life miserable for Marvel. Allies include Sergio "*Mad*" Aragones, Shary "Trots 'n' Bonnie" Flenniken, Neal Adams, and a half-dozen writers and artists for DC Comics, Marvel's biggest competitor. Even Jack Kirby, who, with honcho Stan Lee, created virtually the whole Marvel universe (including Fantastic Four, Thor, the Hulk, and the Silver Surfer), has aligned himself with Gerber. He drew the twenty-page lead story, a thoroughly nasty satire on Marvel's treatment of Gerber.

Destroyer Duck #1, in the traditional, shoddy four-color comic-book format, sells for a steep buck and a half (from Eclipse Enterprises, 81 Delaware Street, Staten Island, NY 10202), and will probably be a collector's item before the decade is out. Wanna buy a duck?

—Kim Thompson

Raw Rap
(in all one syllable words)

Raw is raw. So raw it spits. This bleed screed with a Phil Dick creed pukes punk pix, stark scrawls, *art noir* right in your phiz. It's the *Life* size mag of the Nu art Age. It's hot. How hot is it? Well, Charles Burns—as does the whole *Raw* crew. Would I lie?

You fall through holes to see *Raw* 4. *Flair* was a chic zine famed for die cut holes. *Raw* 4 has the same kind of flair—holes for air—with a Charles Burns die cut front pic that leads to more Burns (ouch!) on page three. The pink *Raw* name at front top is then seen as pink raw meat on page three. What a switch! Christ die cut for your sins! But what's on page two? More holes—with one hole next to the SOLD OUT note for *Raw* 1 and 2. This great gag is a nil ad that "sells" space. Naught but nice. It's pis on ice.

Bound in is a flex disc with the voice of Prez Ron cut up on tape and put back new (sound by Doug Kahn and art by Sue Coe). The book length *Maus* by *Raw* co ed. Art S. (with one part per each *Raw*) is a sad look back at World War II, drawn with a cast of Jew mice and Third Reich cats. War/raw—and so is *Maus*.

Look, kid, you can rid your lid of low bid vid with just one squint at a wild two page spread of ink splat pix that use as source the names of flix that start with "I." *Raw* picks up a mime strip from an old *Ken* mag, "I Won't Say a Word . . ." by that nut case Milt Gross. Nize! There's more jass, fight like that: Schwind slugs all the fits that are news to print, and Burns heats the sheets ("Flame on!") with a nine page gem told by a strange dude who gets off when a "beast" bites his neck. All in all, *Raw* 4 is state of Art, each bit a choice cut ($5.75 by mail) takes it. Write: Raw Books, 27 Greene Street, New York, NY 10013.

—Bhob

ALDISS AND MORE...

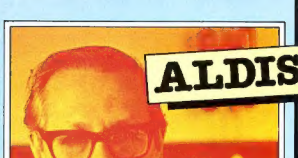
Science fiction is a particular form of fantasy, although, with regard to form and expression it generally clings to a somewhat faded realism, in content it comes remarkably close to dream, combining as it does both ancient and modern mythingredients. In other words, it seems, typically, to be something that it pretends not to be: surrealism covered by surface realism. This is tacitly admitted in the never-ending argument over whether it is or is not "escapism" (real-life-evading).

—Brian Aldiss, from The Shape of Further Things

Like his characterization of the field he's chosen to work in, Brian W. Aldiss is a walking, writing contradiction. A literate adventurer in a land of feudal territorialists, the fifty-seven-year-old writer, editor, critic, and traveler's loyalties balance equally between the power of tradition and the inevitability of change. Though some have called him a mainstream writer in sf drag, more likely his seemingly conflicting nature represents an integration of sensibilities vital to the survival of the science fiction dream. His latest novel, the monumental *Helliconia Spring* (Atheneum), is this synthesis made concrete. The first volume in an ambitious trilogy that could prove the capstone of Aldiss's bewilderingly varied career, *Helliconia Spring* combines Aldiss's gem-faceted prose with a compellingly rendered story, epic sweep, characters of uncommon humanity, an alien world of striking realization, and a new-found, scientific scrupulousness. Comparisons with *Dune* are inevitable, but frankly the Herbert books just don't measure up. Aldiss is a singularly skillful talent.

Since publishing his first sf story, "Criminal Record," in 1954, Aldiss has continually shocked and surprised the science fiction world with his unconventional vision. His major novels include the Hugo-winning *Long Afternoon of Earth* (1962, aka *Hothouse*), *The Dark Light Years* (1964), the magnificent *Greybeard* (1964), the controversial, Robbe-Grillet-esque *Report on Probability A* (1968), the Joycean *Barefoot in the Head* (1969), and a spellbinding exercise in entropy, *The Malacia Tapestry* (1976). These books are still available in paperback from New American Library, Avon, and Ace—all are highly recommended (for different reasons). His "true History of Science Fiction," *Billion Year Spree*, is essential reading for any student of the genre. Recently published books include *An Island Called Moreau* (Timescape/Pocket Books), in which Aldiss updates H.G. Wells's classic novel to readdress moral questions first introduced by Wells and now attired by time and technology, and the collection, *New Arrivals, Old Encounters* (Avon), that brings together twelve stories from the past decade. "The Small Stones of Tu Fu" is a particular favorite. The following interview took place in a very appropriately British, booklined library of one of Aldiss's New York publishers on March 15, 1982. He was—as he is by all reports—charming, witty, self-effacing, un-self-consciously articulate, and an all-around good Joe.

—Lou Stathis



Brian W. Aldiss

HM: What's a smart guy like you doing in a ghetto like this? Why have you tossed yourself down here in the sf gutter with the swine?

BA: But I love the swine! I owe the swine a great deal! While many of my models are some of the great nineteenth-century novelists, like Dickens and in particular Thomas Hardy, I also have this other streak running in me. When I was a kid, all the things I liked were not generated by the Baden-Powell obsessed world of the British Empire, in which of course I lived, but they all came from America. The films, the music I liked—blues, jazz, and popular songs—and the old science fiction pulps, which used to be shipped over here to be sold in Woolworth's. My fate was decided when I saw the first issues of John W. Campbell's *Astounding*. It was that slight foreign accent—American—that turned me on. I think that's how most people get into science fiction. Many people are highly xenophobic—they really fear the unknown. André Breton, the great surrealist, talks about "the loathing of the imagination." My other great passion is for things of the East. From about the age of eight I've been hooked on China. I had this mad idea that somehow if you stood on Chinese soil, you'd be transmuted in some mysterious way.

HM: Does this strong attraction for the exotic have anything to do with a lust for the future?

BA: Yes, I think so. And also my feelings of boredom with provincial English life, which I was stuck in as a kid. Anything seemed better.

HM: How come you didn't "grow" out of it? Considering your education, I would think that sf and related trash would've been taken from you—a young gentleman shouldn't read stuff with spaceships and bigbusted women on the cover. Why didn't you leave it behind?

BA: I suppose I still like big-busted women. No... the answer is very complex, to be sought out within one's own personality. There is indeed very little science fiction now that I can read with pleasure. So, in the sense you mean, I probably have grown out of science fiction, with a very few exceptions—such as the late and very lamented Philip K. Dick, who I really think was a genius. His *A Scanner Darkly*, for instance, was a fantastic and shattering book. There's a line of Rushdie's, I think, is where I feel a kinship with Dick—that says, "I wanted to lay waste the hearts of men." Well, that's what I think Dick does. I also wanted to lay waste the hearts of men, but unfortunately in myself I found the fatal gift of entertainment. I would like to entertain less, and do some more laying waste—and this is what I like about *Helliconia*, I bloody well lay waste a bit.

But not this means is that I've always had a faith in science fiction, not as a genre, but as a mode which, like surrealism, offers an alternative to realism. I think it was realism in the novel that I couldn't handle, or didn't want to handle.

HM: It wasn't enough?

BA: No. It was insufficient for the work-world in which we live. That was the whole point. And this is why I think sf has really *got* something, that it does treat the world as some weird ontological entity, while at the same time looking for root causes—how did we get to be this way, where did we go wrong, where will we go next? These are all profound philosophical questions, however often they're treated inadequately, and they remain enduring questions and a source of replenishment for any writer. There is a double-bind here: when I talk to the science fiction field, I speak in one voice, while if I'm talking to the general public, I really *defend* sf. This is a situation all of us in the field come against—Sturgeon's Law, 90 percent of everything is crap (and maybe at the moment 99 percent of everything is crap)—but when you get a non-science fiction audience you have to say to them, "Look, you bastards, do you realize what this is about? It's about *very important* questions!" I've spent so many years fighting for sf writers—not just for myself—to be judged on their own merits, rather than as if their works were some giant defecation by some enormous space creature. The sf writers I know are all different; they write different things.

HM: You've certainly made a career out of writing different things. Do you think the incredible variety of your books has hurt you?

BA: Yes, certainly financially, but you also have to live as a man, and I think that I've had a very exciting life, and I'm still having it. In a sense I think *Helliconia* gets a lot of things together that I have been in my previous novels. Yes, there was no consistent universe in these novels, and maybe no consistent style, but we live in the twentieth century where there isn't any consistent style. But there are consistent themes in my books. You can't escape the basic conceptions that bug you throughout life—conceptions about the nature of truth, the difficulty of handling wisdom. The whole theme of failure fascinates me. I never write about supermen, only underdogs.

HM: The idea of change comes up a lot, and the frictions that work against it—like *Malacia Tapestry*, or particularly *Report on Probability A*, which was so damn static it drove me out of my mind.

BA: Yes, well, I thought if one tackles the subject of change, one should also deal with its opposite.

HM: Stasicity.

BA: Yes, stasicity. And of course in *Probability A* it's stasicity to the nth degree. But if you look at it as somewhat of a stylistic exercise, whatever it did for the readers, what it did for me was to clarify my style, to burn my boats. Inwardly, what *Probability A* did for me was to confirm to myself that I was a writer, and to a certain extent—I would hate for my publisher to hear me say this—invulnerable.

HM: Did you intend to alienate readers you courted in the past?

BA: I didn't deliberately set out to estrange my readers. I had misconceptions about the traditional sf reader—I thought they wanted what they *said* they wanted, which was surprises. But it turned out that they didn't want *that* much of a surprise. What they wanted was old themes with small variations. With *Probability A* I set out to write a surrealist mystery, and I think that its intentions as art—whatever its failures are—are good. But it is my only book in which absolutely nothing happens, because I don't think I could bear it myself a second time.

BRIAN ALDISS'S TEN BOOKS TO BE LOCKED IN AN INDIAN URINAL WITH:

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*
Alejo Carpentier, *The Lost Steps*
D. M. Thomas, *The White Hotel*
Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*
Doris Lessing, *The Sirian Experiments*
J. T. Fraser, *Of Time, Passion & Knowledge*
Barbara Tuchman, *A Distant Mirror*
Stanley Gooch, *Total Man*
James Boswell, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Simon Leys, *Chinese Shadows*

Photograph by Jenny Bauer

SF RETREADS

Science fiction may be going down for the third time. Ever since the sixties, we've seen some stunning pieces come stumbling out of the ghetto attached to names like Dick, Delany, or Disch, but enough writers are busy rehashing tired plots and clinging to outdated conventions in order to convince anyone that sf's a ghetto and proud of it.

Writers like **M. K. Wren** and **Mike McQuay** are even mining other genres' clichés for product pointers. In the *Phoenix Legacy* trilogy (Berkley), Ms. Wren slaps a futuristic veneer onto an absolutely predictable family saga and waits for the crossover audience of middle-aged women to make her rich. Mike McQuay uses a somewhat classier source. He sticks ray guns and jumpsuits into Raymond Chandler's *The Big Sleep*, calls it *Hot Time in Old Town* (Bantam), and ends up with a three-book contract for his hero.

Relics of bygone glories like **James Berry**'s *Quas Starbrite* (Bantam) repeat all the hoary clichés of space opera with none of the original's innocent charms. And even when critically acclaimed furriners come to play in the ghetto, they repeat all the old mistakes. **Stanislaw Lem**'s *Pirx the Pilot* (Avon) has nothing to say that wasn't said already (and probably better) in any 1950 *Amazing* you can find. What's scary about these books is that they all end up indistinguishable from sf's best in the bookstores.

Worst of all is when something like **Barry Longyear**'s tired regurgitations of *The Greatest Show on Earth* (*City of Baraboo, Circus World,* and *Elephant Song*, from Berkley) stack cliché fan top of stereotype on top of banality and then collect every award in sight. Are we masochistic or is nobody really reading this stuff anymore?

If sf readers want to relive those wonderful days of yesteryear, they should look to our senior statesmen instead of making do with these modern-day copy queens. Berkley's just released *Planets Three*, a collection of pure pulp **Fred Pohl** novellas from the forties—this is the real item, not a calculated crib job from a corporate writer. Or if you want to study the pulps, Playboy Press recently released **Phil Farmer**'s seriously twisted but definitive biographies of Doc Savage (*His Apocalyptic Life*) and Tarzan (*Tarzan Alive*).

But if you absolutely must reward retrograde mediocrity, grab Jove's *No Frills Science Fiction*. You know, one of those books that looks like brandless toilet paper with no blurbs, cover copy, or author name and a guarantee of rocket ships, robots, gorgeous women, and high adventure—sf at its mindless, misogynist best. In fact, since this book was done only for the money by an ex-sf editor, and since it's so desperately bad, we should probably watch for it on next year's award lists. It would be a fitting token of our self-esteem.

—Bob Mecoy

Like Being On The Movie Set!

BLADE RUNNER
OFFICIAL SOUVENIR MAGAZINE

Here is the Collector's Edition you will treasure always—authentic, complete, the studio-authorized "inside" look at the sensational film everyone's talking about!

Many exclusive color photos give you the whole, exciting BLADE RUNNER picture-story so you can re-live your favorite moments from the film.

This big publication also takes you behind the scenes—reveals everything you want to know about how BLADE RUNNER was made—from special effects secrets to model miniatures, vehicles, costumes, production paintings, blueprints, storyboards and much more.

Plus

you'll enjoy the highlights of

14 Exclusive Interviews

Listen in on fascinating conversations with Harrison Ford, Director Ridley Scott, Special Effects Director Doug Trumbull, Production Artist Syd Mead, Author Philip K. Dick. Plus many other cast and crew members!

It's all here in this big, beautiful document of the film epic— the only official BLADE RUNNER publication of its kind!

- **Over 140 Photos & Illustrations** Many in Full Color
- **68 Big Pages**
- **Color Centerfold**
- **Quality Paper**

MAIL COUPON TODAY! ▶

Heavy Metal, Dept. H7, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

☐ **Yes!** Send me the official BLADE RUNNER Souvenir Magazine at $2.95 each (plus $.75 each postage & handling).

(Please Print Clearly)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send check or money order (no cash, please) to:
Heavy Metal, Dept. H7, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

Canada add $1, foreign add $2 - U.S. funds only
Allow 3-6 weeks delivery.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you don't want to cut this coupon, send order on a separate piece of paper

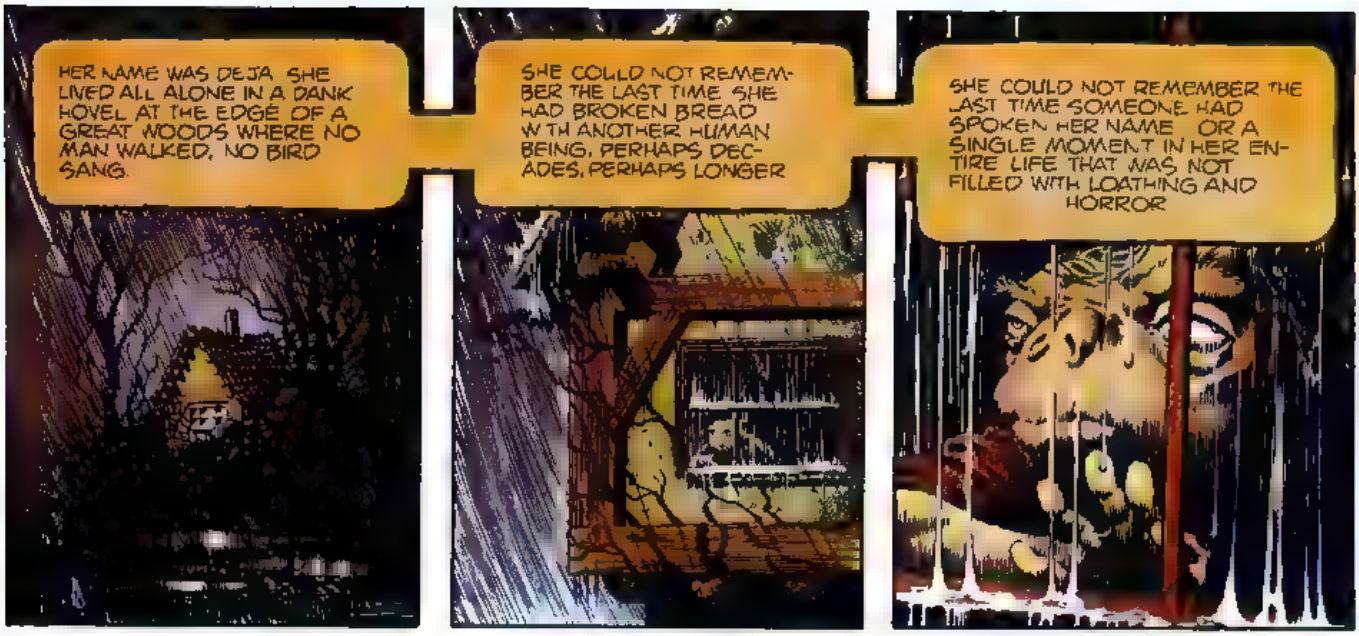
TM: © 1982 The Blade Runner Partnership © 1982 Ira Friedman, Inc.

ABOVE THE GINGERBREAD ROOFTOPS OF THE SMALL GERMAN HAMLET THE MARCH SKY IS A SICKLY YELLOW-GRAY, THICK WITH THE OPPRESSION OF UNWANTED RAIN. FOR DAYS THERE HAS BEEN AN UNENDING, MELANCHOLY DRIZZLE...
MOST OF THE VILLAGERS ARE HUDDLED WITHIN THEIR HOMES IN FRONT OF A WARM, SOUL-REVIVING FIREPLACE. IT IS EVENTIDE...
EXCEPT FOR THE CRACKLING OF LOGS AND CONTINUAL PATTER OUTSIDE, THE VILLAGE IS QUIET, RESTING FROM THE WEEK'S LABOR. THERE IS SOLITUDE... THERE IS REST...
...THERE IS SOUND...
CLAK CLAK
LUDWIG, VAS ISS DAT?
ISS NUTTINK, I'M SHURE...
CLAK
CLAK
VEE SEE NOW...
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK

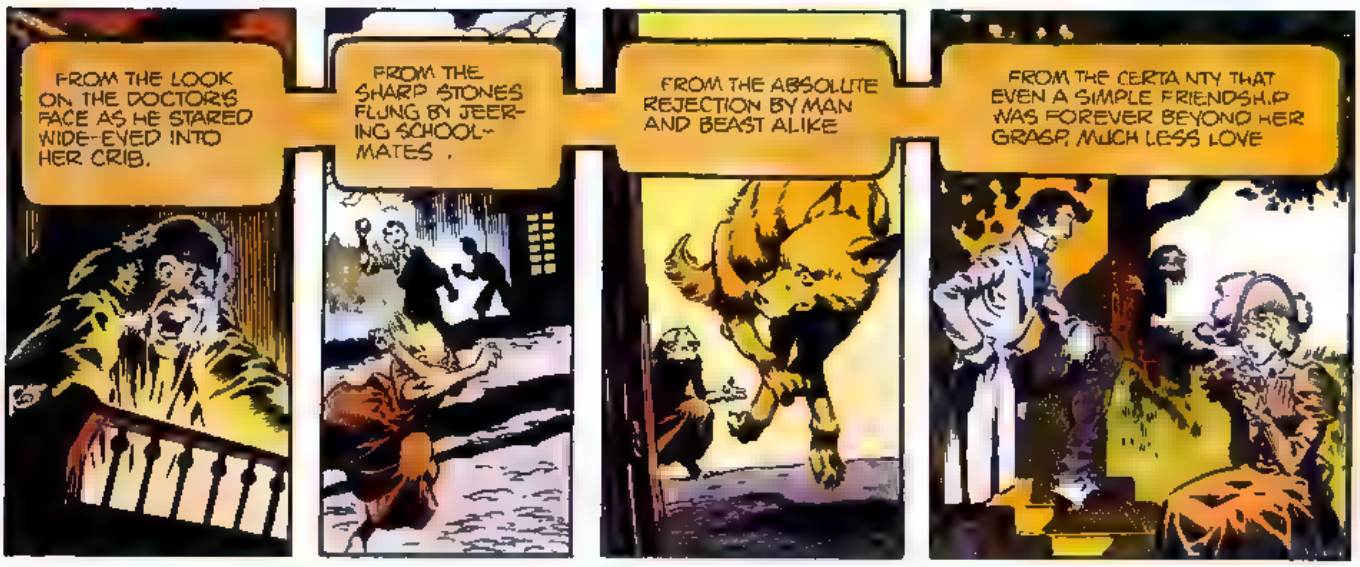
FREAK SHOW
WRITTEN BY BRUCE JONES
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNI WRIGHTSON
COLORED BY MICHELLE WRIGHTSON
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK

DOWN ONE COBBLED STREET AN ANCIENT MARE PULLS A LARGE, BLACK-CHARRED SHOW WAGON ITS GREAT SPOKED WHEELS ARE RUSTED AND IRREGULAR, CAUSING IT TO "HOBBLE" LIKE A LIMPING MAN ITS DILAPIDATED ROOF AND CARRIAGE ARE SCORCHED EBONY BY SOME AWFUL, BYGONE FIRE
CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK
A COWLED FIGURE SITS SLUMPED BEHIND THE REINS LIKE A COURIER OF DEATH, RAIN WATER FORMING A TRANSLUCENT VEIL ABOVE ITS WIDE-BRIMMED HAT.
CLAK CLA
AS IF FROM SOME UNSEEN SIGNAL, THE RIG TREMBLES TO AN ABRUPT HALT IN THE VERY CENTER OF TOWN MINUTES PASS THE RAIN FALLS CURIOUS FACES EDGE TOWARD GELATINOUS WINDOWS. WATCHING WATCHING.
WATCHING

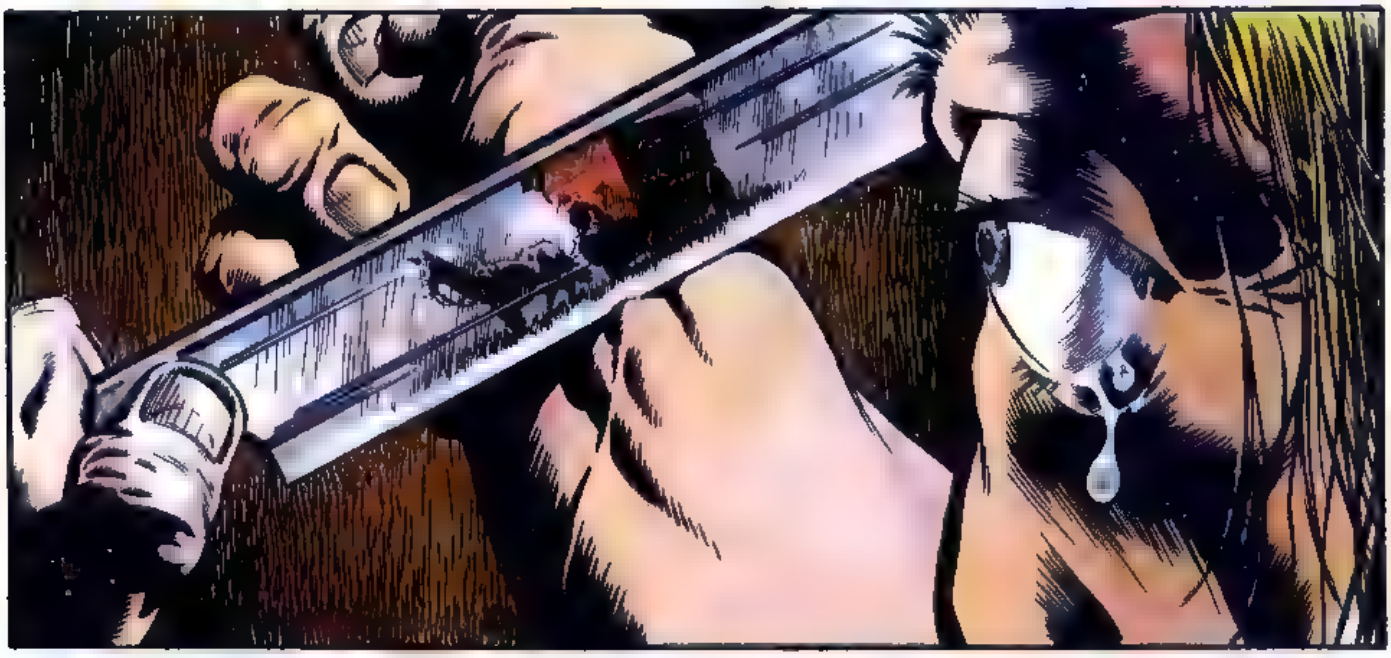
AN HOUR PASSES. THE COWLED FIGURE SITS UNMOVING. THUNDER ROLLS EASTWARD ON LEGS OF LIGHTNING. THE DRIZZLE STAYS. A LATCH CLICKS. AN UMBRELLA BLOSSOMS DARKLY. THEN ANOTHER. ANOTHER. THEY GATHER ABOUT THE WAGON LIKE NODDING TOADSTOOLS. WHEN THEIR NUMBERS HAVE INCREASED SUFFICIENTLY, THE COWLED FIGURE STIRS.
MY FRIENDS, I WOULD BEG YOUR KIND INDULGENCE.
I OFFER YOU, FREE OF PAYMENT, A LESSON IN HUMANITY, A TABLEAU TO MORTAL FOLLY, A VISION FROM THE PAST AND FUTURE
BUT BEFORE I SHOW YOU THAT WHICH HUDDLES BEHIND THIS TATTERED CURTAIN, I WILL TELL YOU A BRIEF TALE ..
. A TALE OF SUFFERING AND SORROW, OF VICTORY AND REPENTANCE, OF HUMILIATION AND GUILT.
IT BEGAN TWENTY YEARS AGO ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A TOWN NOT UNLIKE THIS ONE. ON AN EVENING NOT UNLIKE THE ONE BEFORE US ..

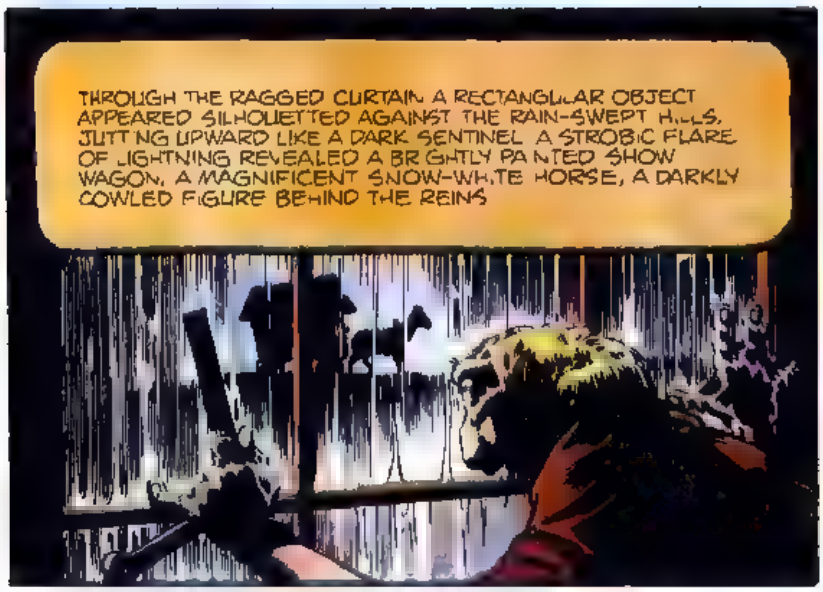

HER NAME WAS DEJA. SHE LIVED ALL ALONE IN A DANK HOVEL AT THE EDGE OF A GREAT WOODS WHERE NO MAN WALKED, NO BIRD SANG.
SHE COULD NOT REMEMBER THE LAST TIME SHE HAD BROKEN BREAD WITH ANOTHER HUMAN BEING, PERHAPS DECADES, PERHAPS LONGER
SHE COULD NOT REMEMBER THE LAST TIME SOMEONE HAD SPOKEN HER NAME OR A SINGLE MOMENT IN HER ENTIRE LIFE THAT WAS NOT FILLED WITH LOATHING AND HORROR

ONLY VAGUELY DID SHE RESEMBLE A HUMAN FEMALE MOST OF HER BODY WAS AMPHIBIAN, A HELLISH MISTAKE OF NATURE, A GROTESQUE MOCKERY OF LIFE SHE WAS A LIVING DEFORMITY AN ABERRATION, A FREAK SHE HAD KNOWN T FROM B RTH


FROM THE LOOK ON THE DOCTOR'S FACE AS HE STARED WIDE-EYED INTO HER CRIB.
FROM THE SHARP STONES FLUNG BY JEERING SCHOOLMATES.
FROM THE ABSOLUTE REJECTION BY MAN AND BEAST ALIKE
FROM THE CERTA NTY THAT EVEN A SIMPLE FRIENDSH P WAS FOREVER BEYOND HER GRASP, MUCH LESS LOVE

LIFE HAD LONG AGO CEASED TO BE PAINFUL FOR DEJA PAIN AND HOPE CANNOT EXIST INDEPENDENTLY FOREVER AND DEJA'S LIFE WAS WHOLLY WITHOUT HOPE.
THERE WERE FEW TEARS THAT NIGHT, LITTLE REMORSE
ONLY THE FINAL ACT OF WHAT HAD BEEN REHEARSED SO MANY LONELY NIGHTS BEFORE

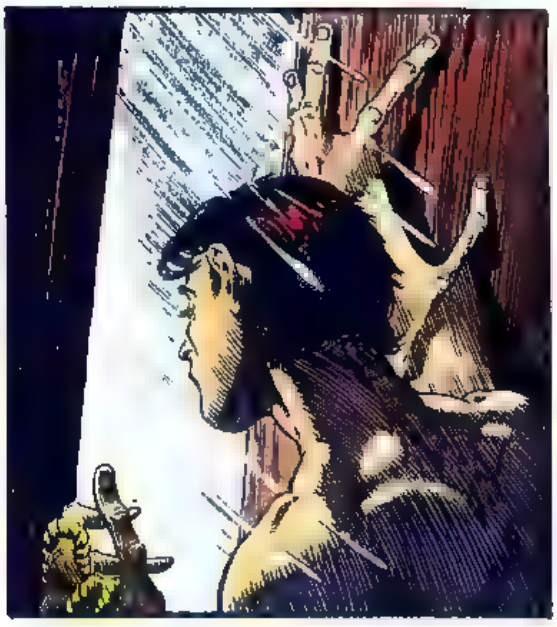



THROUGH THE RAGGED CURTAIN A RECTANGULAR OBJECT APPEARED SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE RAIN-SWEPT HILLS, JUTTING UPWARD LIKE A DARK SENTINEL A STROBIC FLARE OF LIGHTNING REVEALED A BRIGHTLY PAINTED SHOW WAGON, A MAGNIFICENT SNOW-WHITE HORSE, A DARKLY COWLED FIGURE BEHIND THE REINS

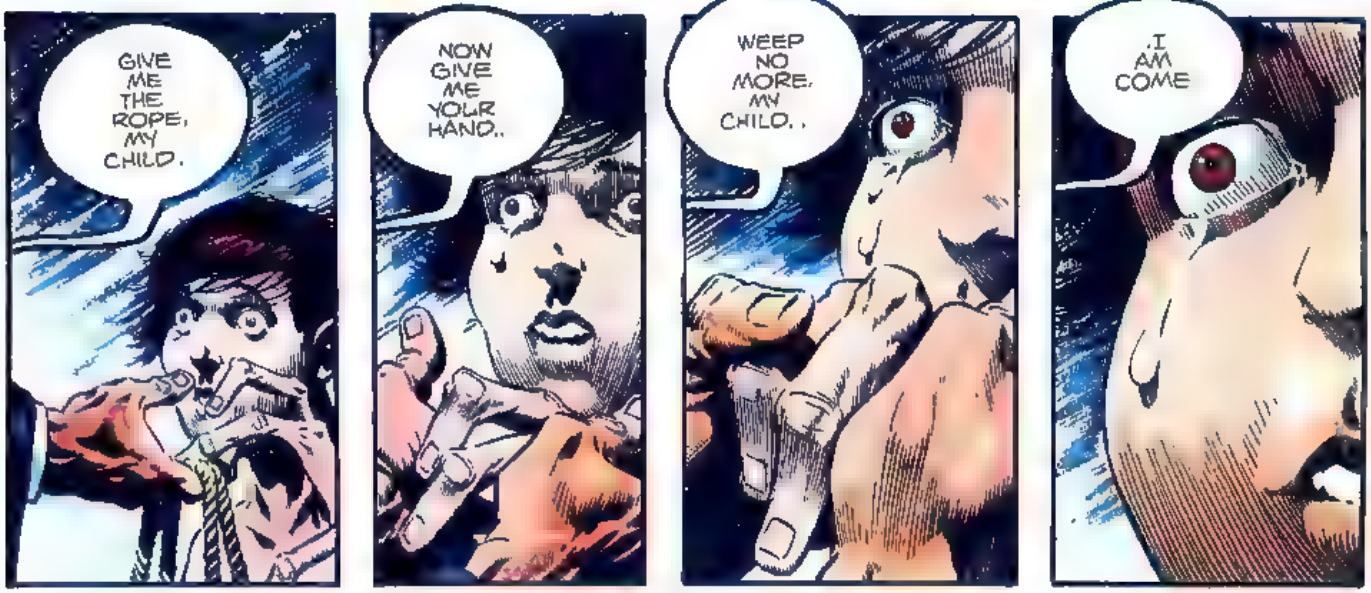
THE FROG GIRL STUMBLED FROM THE DRIPPING SHACK AS IN A DREAM

SHE HAD NEVER SEEN THE SHOW WAGON BEFORE, YET SOMETHING COMPELLED HER NEARER
SHE HAD NEVER SEEN THE DARK FIGURE AT THE REINS, YET HER FEARS WERE STRANGELY QUELLED. .
AND WHEN THE DEEP, RESONANT VOICE SETTLED OVER HER, IT WAS LIKE THE LOVING FOLDS OF A WARMING BLANKET..
GIVE ME THE RAZOR, CHILD.
NOW GIVE ME YOUR HAND
A CHOKING SOB OF UNBELIEVING HAPPINESS BROKE IN DEJA'S THROAT SHE FELL INTO STRONG, GENTLE ARMS
WEEP NO MORE, CHILD.
I AM COME
HIS NAME WAS ROBIN. HE HAD LIVED IN A SHACK BUILT BY HIS OWN HANDS ALL HIS YOUNG LIFE
ALONE .
TONIGHT HE WOULD DIE IN THE SHACK BY HIS OWN HANDS..
..ALONE

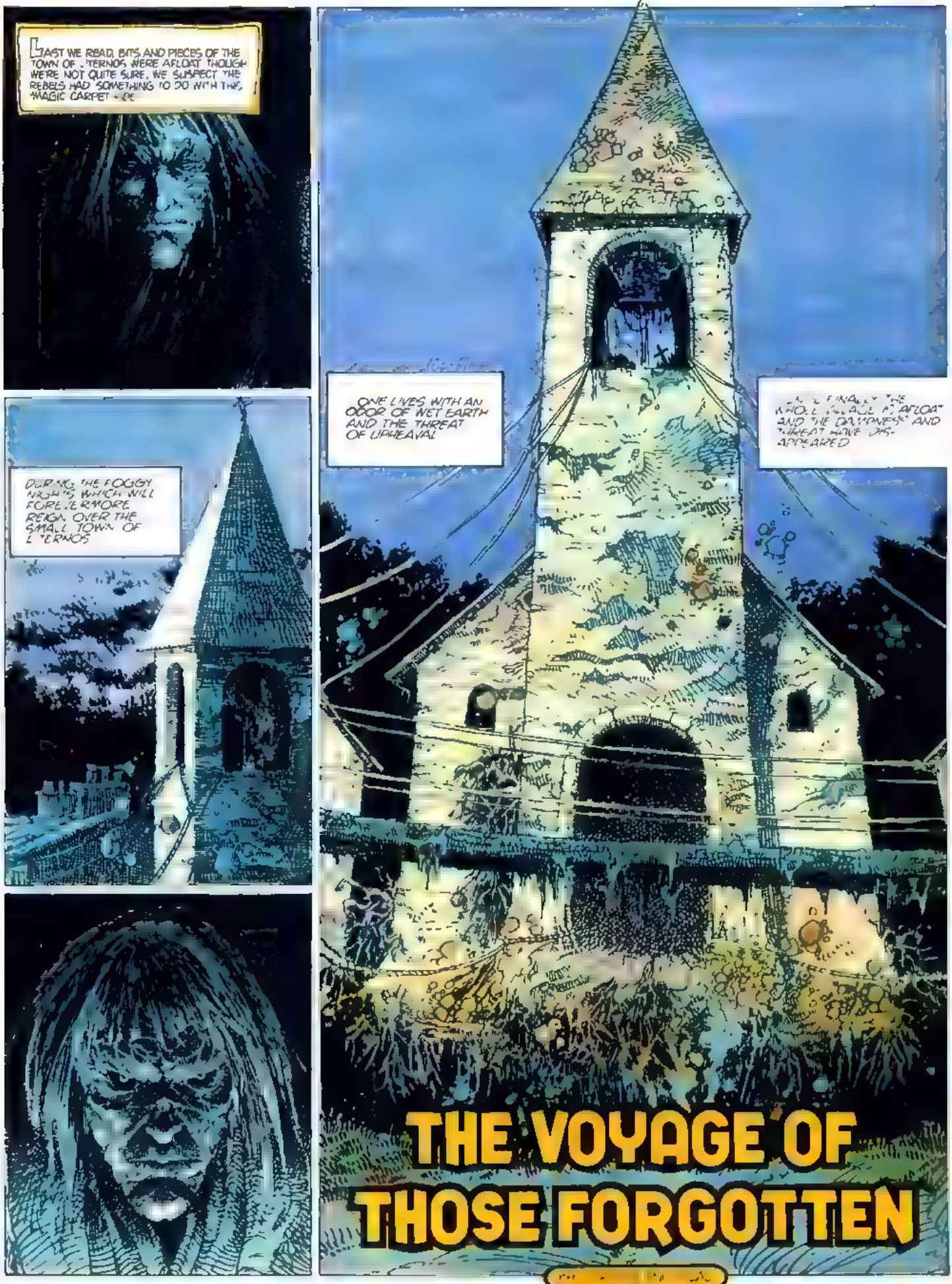
HE WAS A HANDSOME BOY, THOUGH HIS FACE HAD GONE GAUNT FROM YEARS OF TOO LITTLE FOOD
AS HAD HIS SKELETAL FRAME, STALK-LIKE LEGS AND THE TWO HIDEOUSLY CLAWED APPENDAGES THAT WERE HIS FEET
IT WAS THE TOWNS-PEOPLE THAT HAD NAMED HIM ROBIN
NO ONE KNEW HIS REAL NAME. NO ONE CARED
THE TOWNS-PEOPLE THOUGHT BIRDS BELONGED IN THE AIR ROBIN WOULD NO LONGER DIS-APPOINT THEM.
CLAK
AK CLAKCLAK CLAK CLAK CLAKCL

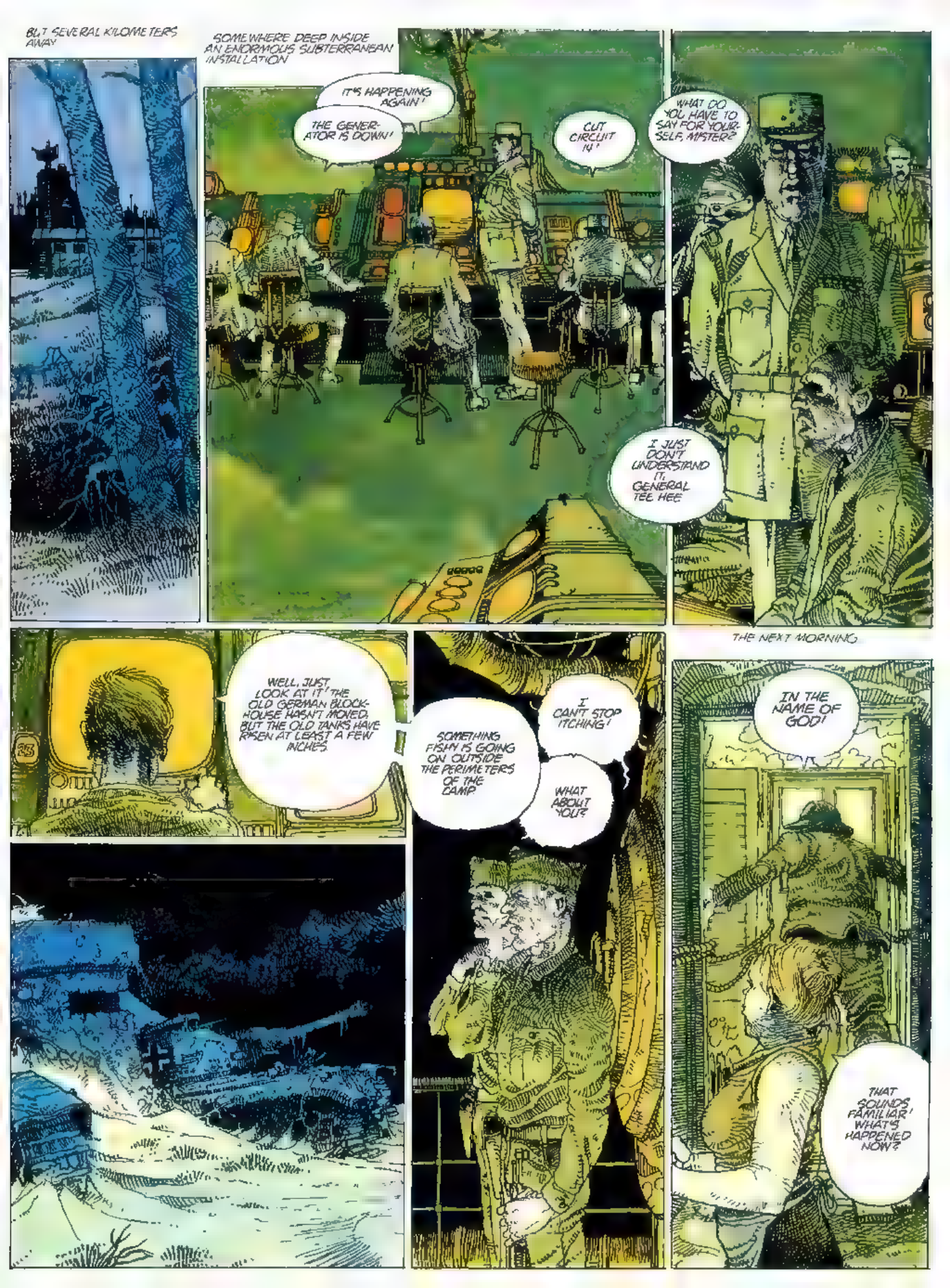


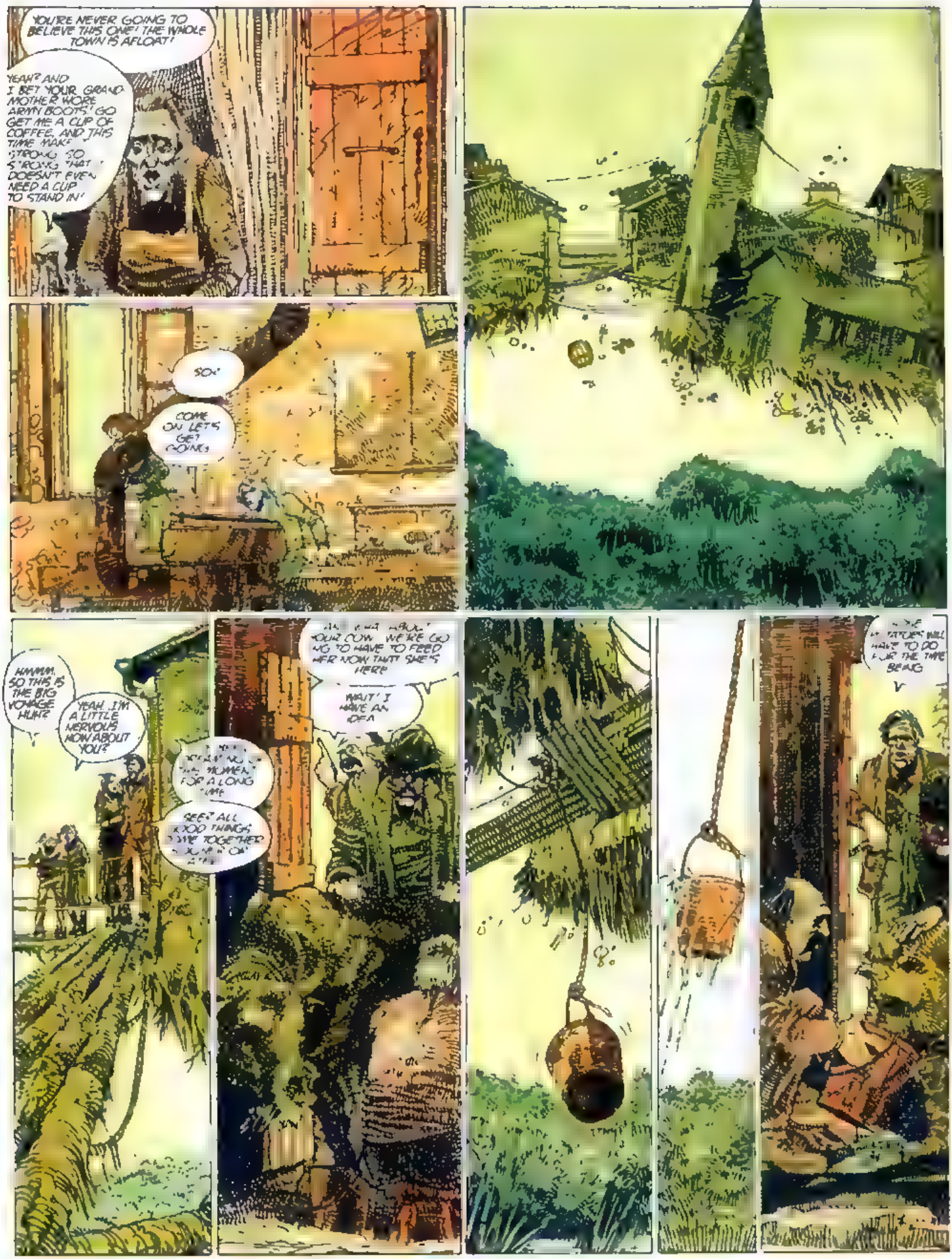
IT WAS BITTERLY COLD THAT WINTER, YET ROBIN OPENED THE DOOR AND STEPPED FROM THE SHACK. SOMETHING PULLING AT HIM..
SOMETHING THAT RADIATED A STRANGE WARMTH ACROSS THE HILLS OF FREEZING SNOW..
. SOMETHING HE HAD FELT ONLY IN HIS DREAMS.

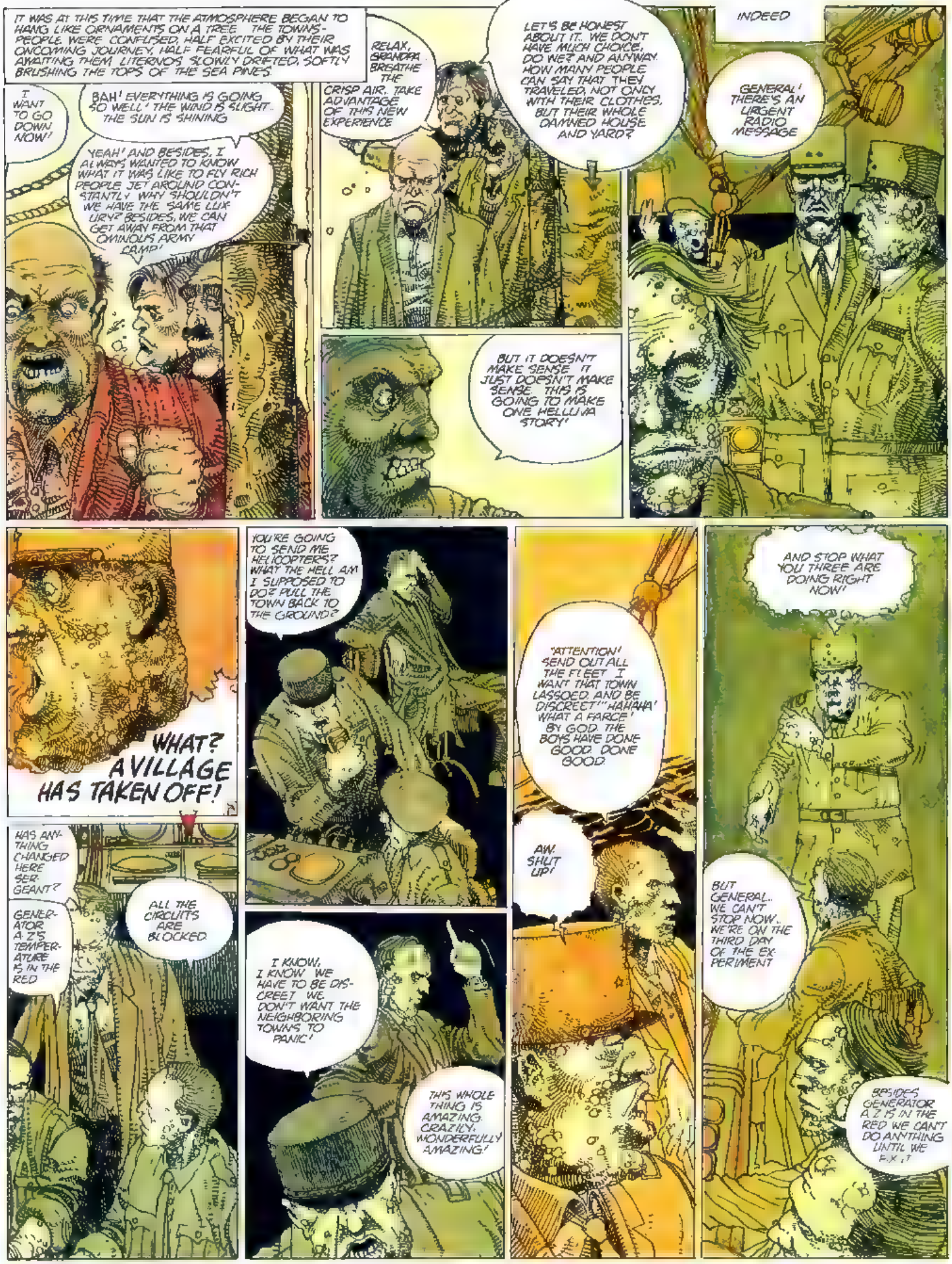


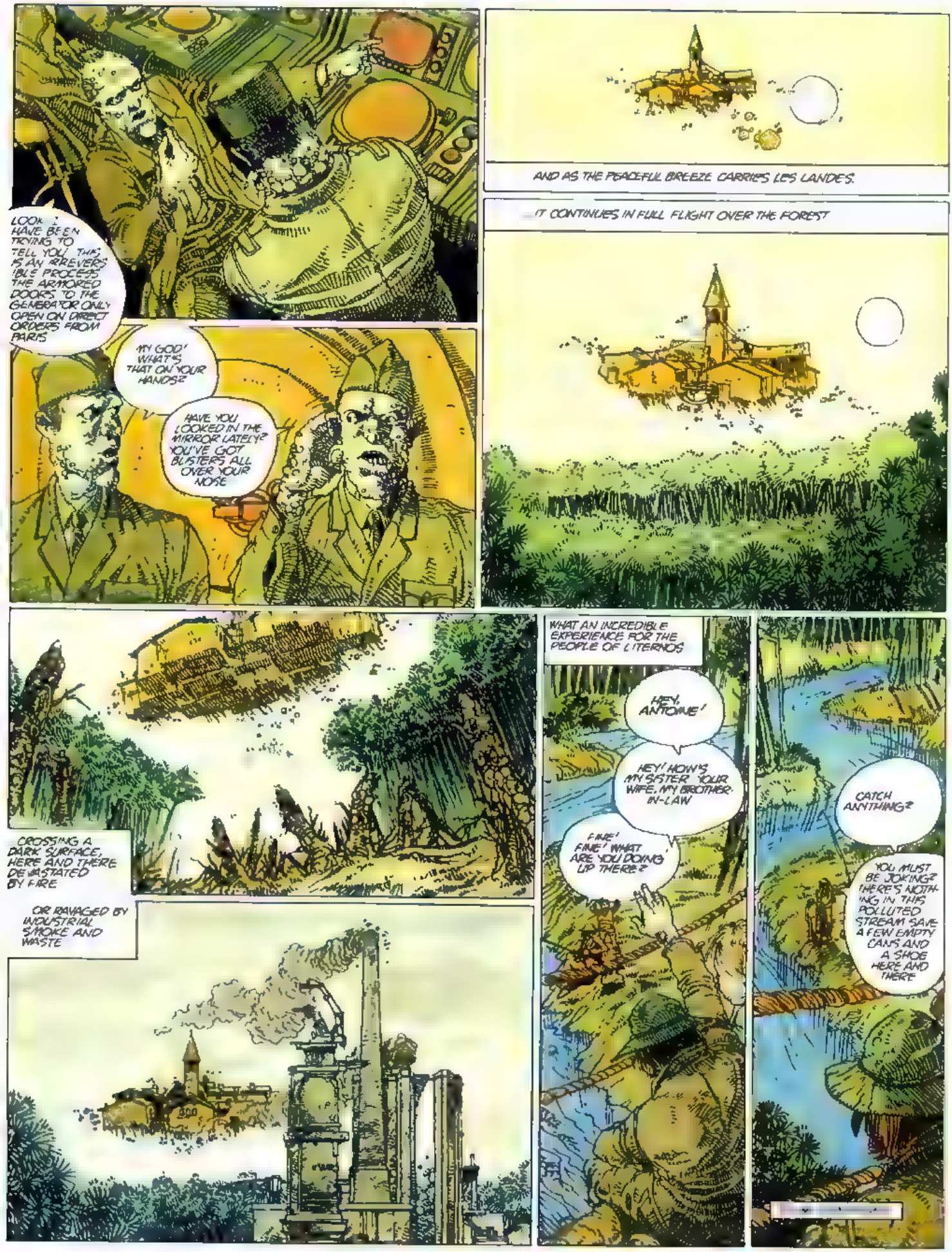
TO BE CONTINUED


LAST WE READ, BITS AND PIECES OF THE TOWN OF LERNOS WERE AFLOAT THOUGH WE'RE NOT QUITE SURE. WE SUSPECT THE REBELS HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS MAGIC CARPET - DE
ONE LIVES WITH AN ODOR OF WET EARTH AND THE THREAT OF UPHEAVAL
AND FINALLY THE WHOLE VILLAGE IS AFLOAT AND THE DAMPNESS AND THREAT HAVE DISAPPEARED
DURING THE FOGGY NIGHTS WHICH WILL FOREVERMORE REIGN OVER THE SMALL TOWN OF LERNOS
THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN


BUT SEVERAL KILOMETERS AWAY
SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE AN ENORMOUS SUBTERRANEAN INSTALLATION
IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!
THE GENERATOR IS DOWN!
CUT CIRCUIT 14!
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, MISTER?
I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, GENERAL TEE HEE
THE NEXT MORNING
23
WELL, JUST LOOK AT IT! THE OLD GERMAN BLOCKHOUSE HASN'T MOVED, BUT THE OLD TANKS HAVE RISEN AT LEAST A FEW INCHES.
SOMETHING FISHY IS GOING ON OUTSIDE THE PERIMETERS OF THE CAMP
I CAN'T STOP ITCHING!
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
IN THE NAME OF GOD!
THAT SOUNDS FAMILIAR! WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW?


YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BELIEVE THIS ONE! THE WHOLE TOWN IS AFLOAT!
YEAH? AND I BET YOUR GRANDMOTHER WORE ARMY BOOTS! GO GET ME A CUP OF COFFEE, AND THIS TIME MAKE IT STRONG, SO STRONG, THAT IT DOESN'T EVEN NEED A CUP TO STAND IN!
SO?
COME ON LET'S GET GOING
HMMM, SO THIS IS THE BIG VOYAGE HUH?
YEAH, I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS NOW ABOUT YOU?
SEE? ALL GOOD THINGS COME TOGETHER
WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA
WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT FOR THE TIME BEING


IT WAS AT THIS TIME THAT THE ATMOSPHERE BEGAN TO HANG LIKE ORNAMENTS ON A TREE. THE TOWNS-PEOPLE WERE CONFUSED, HALF EXCITED BY THEIR ONCOMING JOURNEY, HALF FEARFUL OF WHAT WAS AWAITING THEM. LITERNOS SLOWLY DRIFTED, SOFTLY BRUSHING THE TOPS OF THE SEA PINES.
I WANT TO GO DOWN NOW!
BAH! EVERYTHING IS GOING SO WELL! THE WIND IS SLIGHT... THE SUN IS SHINING
YEAH! AND BESIDES, I ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO FLY RICH PEOPLE JET AROUND CONSTANTLY. WHY SHOULDN'T WE HAVE THE SAME LUXURY? BESIDES, WE CAN GET AWAY FROM THAT OMINOUS ARMY CAMP!
RELAX, GRANDPA. BREATHE THE CRISP AIR. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS NEW EXPERIENCE
LET'S BE HONEST ABOUT IT.. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, DO WE? AND ANYWAY. HOW MANY PEOPLE CAN SAY THAT THEY TRAVELED, NOT ONLY WITH THEIR CLOTHES, BUT THEIR WHOLE DAMNED HOUSE AND YARD?
BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. THIS IS GOING TO MAKE ONE HELLUVA STORY!
INDEED
GENERAL! THERE'S AN URGENT RADIO MESSAGE
WHAT? A VILLAGE HAS TAKEN OFF!
YOU'RE GOING TO SEND ME HELICOPTERS? WHAT THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? PULL THE TOWN BACK TO THE GROUND?
HAS ANYTHING CHANGED HERE SERGEANT?
GENERATOR A.Z.'S TEMPERATURE IS IN THE RED
ALL THE CIRCUITS ARE BLOCKED
I KNOW. I KNOW. WE HAVE TO BE DISCREET. WE DON'T WANT THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS TO PANIC!
THIS WHOLE THING IS AMAZING. CRAZILY, WONDERFULLY AMAZING!
"ATTENTION! SEND OUT ALL THE FLEET. I WANT THAT TOWN LASSOED. AND BE DISCREET!" HAHAHA! WHAT A FARCE! BY GOD. THE BOYS HAVE DONE GOOD. DONE GOOD.
AW. SHUT UP!
AND STOP WHAT YOU THREE ARE DOING RIGHT NOW!
BUT GENERAL.. WE CAN'T STOP NOW.. WE'RE ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE EXPERIMENT
BESIDES GENERATOR A.Z. IS IN THE RED WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL WE F.X.I.T


LOOK, I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU, THIS IS AN IRREVERSIBLE PROCESS. THE ARMORED DOORS TO THE GENERATOR ONLY OPEN ON DIRECT ORDERS FROM PARIS
MY GOD! WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR HANDS?
HAVE YOU LOOKED IN THE MIRROR LATELY? YOU'VE GOT BLISTERS ALL OVER YOUR NOSE
AND AS THE PEACEFUL BREEZE CARRIES LES LANDES...
...IT CONTINUES IN FULL FLIGHT OVER THE FOREST
CROSSING A DARK SURFACE, HERE AND THERE DEVASTATED BY FIRE
OR RAVAGED BY INDUSTRIAL SMOKE AND WASTE
WHAT AN INCREDIBLE EXPERIENCE FOR THE PEOPLE OF LITERNOS
HEY, ANTOINE!
HEY! HOW'S MY SISTER, YOUR WIFE, MY BROTHER-IN-LAW
FINE! FINE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?
CATCH ANYTHING?
YOU MUST BE JOKING? THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS POLLUTED STREAM SAVE A FEW EMPTY CANS AND A SHOE HERE AND THERE

THE APE
BY PISU AND MANARA
ONE DAY A BOULDER SATURATED WITH THE PURE ESSENCE OF EARTH, THE ENERGY OF LIGHT AND THE EXQUISITE AROMA OF DEWY GRASS WAS FOUND IMPREGNATED, AS IF BY MAGIC. IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT THE EGG IT HARBORED WAS FERTILIZED BY THE WIND
AND FROM THE EGG, A YOUNG APE OF STONE WAS BORN, PERFECT IN BODY
HE BOWED DOWN TO THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS, AND A FAINT GLIMMER EMANATED FROM HIS GESTURE

THE SPARKLING LIGHT SHONE THROUGH THE FOG, TOUCHED THE SKY, AND OPENED THE GOLDEN DOORS OF THE EMPEROR OF JADE'S CHATEAU
IT GLITTERED FOR A MOMENT
AND THEN STOPPED
GUARDS! CELESTIAL MINISTERS! OPEN THE DOORS OF THE MERIDIONAL SKY AND FIND OUT WHO DARES TO SCRUTINIZE MY INTIMACY!
THE IMPUDENT SLOB. HE SHOULD KNOW TO HAVE RESPECT FOR THE EMPEROR OF JADE
IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE THIS GATE HAS BEEN OPENED.
PUSH HARDER! SOON IT WILL BE DAWN AND WE WILL NO LONGER BE ABLE TO FIND H M IN THE HAZE!
EYE OF 1000 UNIONS WHAT DO YOU SEE?
IT'S A YOUNG APE! HE SEEMS TO BE MISTREATING SOME SORT OF TIGER!

WHO IS THAT SPLENDID YOUNG APE THAT RIDICULES BOTH HEAVEN AND EARTH?
GOOD MORNING, EVERYONE! ISN'T LIFE HERE WONDERFUL? WE HAVE GREENERY AND THE PUREST WATER ANYONE COULD HOPE FOR!
OH OLD AND WISE ONE DON'T YOU THINK THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH? WE TRAVEL AND TRAVEL IN HOPES OF FINDING NIRVANA BUT IT'S HOPELESS THIS HAS BECOME ONE BIG JOKE
BUT WE MUST TRY, MY CHILD WE CAN'T STOP NOW WE WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT IS BEHIND THE WATERFALL UNTIL WE SEE FOR OURSELVES
YAAAHH
THIS IS FINE FOR NOW, BUT BEYOND THAT CASCADE A BETTER WORLD IS AWAITING US! THE ONE WHO HAS COURAGE ENOUGH TO DISCOVER WHAT IS BEYOND THAT WATERFALL WILL BE OUR LEADER OUR KING!
WHERE IS THE APE OFF TO? DO YOU THINK HE WILL BE BACK?
I PROMISE YOU... HE WILL BE BACK, AND HE WILL BE KING!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE WE CAN SETTLE HERE
THIS WILL BE MY KINGDOM!
COME ON! I HAVE FOUND A BEAUTIFUL, SAFE, AND COMFORTABLE CORNER! IT WILL EASILY ACCOMODATE 10,000 OF US!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF OUR PEOPLE? WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE THEM HERE TO DIE!
CAN WE TRUST HIM?
GUIDE ME
SPLENDID!
I'M AFRAID!
IS THE WATER COLD?

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE EMPEROR OF JADE'S CHATEAU
LOOK AT THEM! THEY ARE SLEEPING WHILE ON DUTY!
Z
Z
WAKE THEM UP AND CUT OFF THEIR HEADS!
OH IS IT ALREADY MORNING, MY GRACIOUS MASTER?
ONE HUNDRED YEARS HAVE GONE BY WHILE YOU WERE TAKING YOUR LITTLE CAT NAP
NOTHING CEASES TO AMAZE ME IN THIS KINGDOM OF MINE!
STZAK!
BUT THE LACK OF EFFICIENCY FRIGHTENS ME NONETHELESS!
STZAK!
YOU SHOULD HAVE NO PROBLEM WITH THE YOUNG APE THAT ANNOYED YOU WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING HIM, AND ARGHHH!
AH WELL DONE, MY DEARS! AND AS FOR THE APE, LET HIM LIVE ON AS LONG AS IT IS BEYOND THE CASCADE HOW DOES THAT SOUND TO YOU, MY FLOWERS?
WHAT HAPPENS OVER THERE DOESN'T MATTER TO US WE LIVE FOR YOU OUR LIVES ARE YOURS!

FOR ME?
YES. A NECKLACE MADE OF MIRTH FOR A HAPPY FUTURE
NO MORE FRUIT PLEASE I'VE HAD MY FILL
WHEN DID WE CROSS THE VEIL OF OPALINE WATERS? IT MUST HAVE BEEN CLOSE TO A HUNDRED YEARS AGO
THE WRINKLES ON YOUR FOREHEAD ARE GROWING DEEPER AND DEEPER WHAT IS TORMENTING YOU, KING APE?
LIFE HERE HAS BEEN BLISSFUL WE HAVEN'T HAD TO DEAL WITH BEASTS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD WE HAVE ALL THE FOOD AND WATER WE NEED, AND TIME HERE GOES SO MUCH SLOWER THAN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATERFALL
I DON'T WANT ANYTHING ELSE
BUT I AM SURE THAT LIFE MUST BE EVEN BETTER BEYOND THE FRUITED TREES THAT THE CRYSTALLINE STREAMS
HEAVEN MUST FOLLOW!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
ENOUGH OF EVERYTHING!
WHY IS HE SO UPSET?
LET'S THROW A PARTY TONIGHT MAYBE THAT WILL HELP HIM GET OUT OF HIS MOOD
LAO-TZE HAS GOT SOME INCREDIBLE GRASS

NOT ANOTHER PARTY! A DAY DOESN'T GO BY WITHOUT A FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF MY NAME, MY THUMB, MY PUG NOSE I CAN'T WAIT TO ATTEND THE FESTIVITIES WHEN THEY HONOR MY SHAGGY ASS!
KING APE, PLEASE DON'T FEEL THIS WAY! COME WITH ME WE WILL LAUGH DANCE MAKE LOVE WHAT'S WRONG WITH HONORING YOU, OUR BELOVED KING?
YOUR MAJESTY IS VERY DIFFICULT TO KEEP AMUSED
I KNOW BUT I CAN'T LIVE MY NEXT 1000 YEARS LIKE THIS
WHAT KIND OF APE LIVES A LIFE OF LUXURY SUCH AS THIS?
OLD AGE WILL TACKLE ME SOON BEFORE MY 000 YEARS ARE UP!
BUT, MY TREASURE THAT WILL HAPPEN TO ALL OF US!
AND YAMA, THE KING OF DEATH, IS CALLING ME
IF THAT IS WHAT IS TROUBLING YOU, THEN RELIGION MUST HAVE GONE FROM YOUR HEART YOU NO LONGER WANT TO BE LIKE US, YOU WANT TO BE IMMORTAL.
YES, YOU ARE RIGHT I DON'T WANT TO DIE I WANT TO LIVE ON FOREVER

AMONG ALL CREATURES, THREE KINDS ARE PROTECTED FROM THE DOMINATION OF YAMA BUDDHAS, IMMORTALS, AND THE WISE ONES. THEY ALONE ARE EXEMPT FROM THE MOVEMENT OF THE WHEEL, FROM THE FINAL STAGES OF LIFE— DEATH
DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND THEM? WHERE I CAN BE TAUGHT ABOUT IMMORTALITY?
YOU CAN FIND THEM IN THE ANCIENT GROTTOS OF THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAINS
SPLENDID! LISTEN TO ME, EVERYONE TOMORROW I WILL BE LEAVING YOU, OFF TO WANDER LIKE A CLOUD, IN ORDER TO SEARCH FOR THREE SPECIES - BUT EVEN IF I FIND ONLY ONE, I SHALL BE CONTENT
TOMORROW WE WILL GIVE A LARGE FAREWELL BANQUET IN HONOR OF OUR KING!
I WILL LEARN HOW TO REMAIN YOUNG FOREVER I SHALL NEVER TEMPT THE FATES AGAIN WITH MY IMPERFECTIONS
MAGNIFICENT! BRAVO!
THE FOLLOWING DAY
WHERE IS THE KING?
HE GOT UP VERY EARLY THIS MORNING HE CUT WOOD AND VINES AND MADE A RAFT FOR HIMSELF
NOW HE'S OVER THERE. HE'S GOING DOWN THE FALL, FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY
TOO BAD. AND WE PREPARED QUITE A FAREWELL FEAST FOR HIM
TOO BAD INDEED.. BUT IT SHAN'T GO TO WASTE.
THE YOUNG APE WAS FINALLY HAPPY FOR HE WENT DOWN THE STILL WATERS TOWARDS THE RAPID SEA AND HE COULD CONTINUE HIS TRIP UNTIL HE FOUND JUST ONE OF THREE TRUTHS
TO BE CONTINUED.

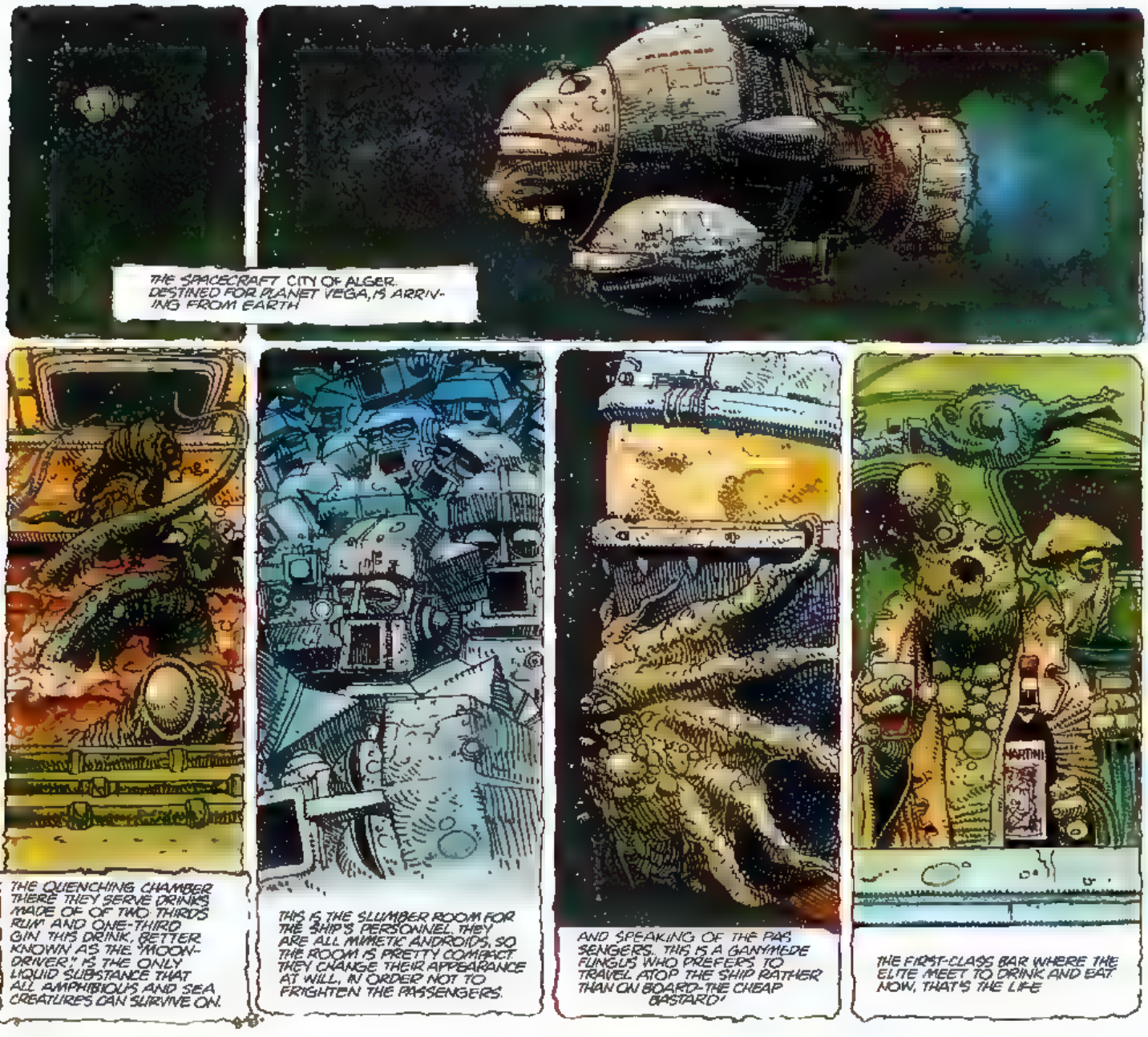
August

AMUSING STORIES

CARLO MOGGIA

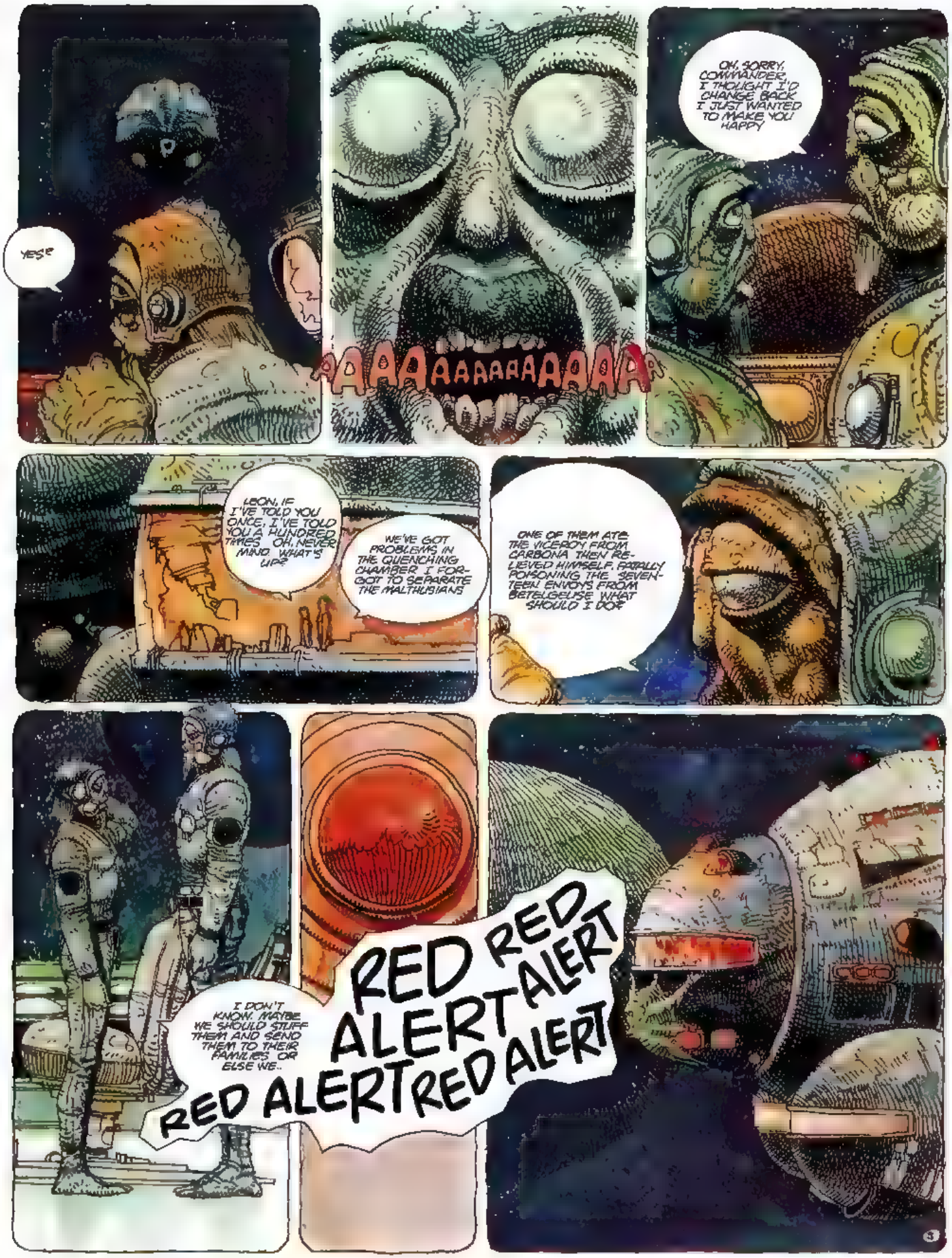
A DAY IN THE LOG OF THE CITY OF ALGER

BY DIONNET AND BILAL

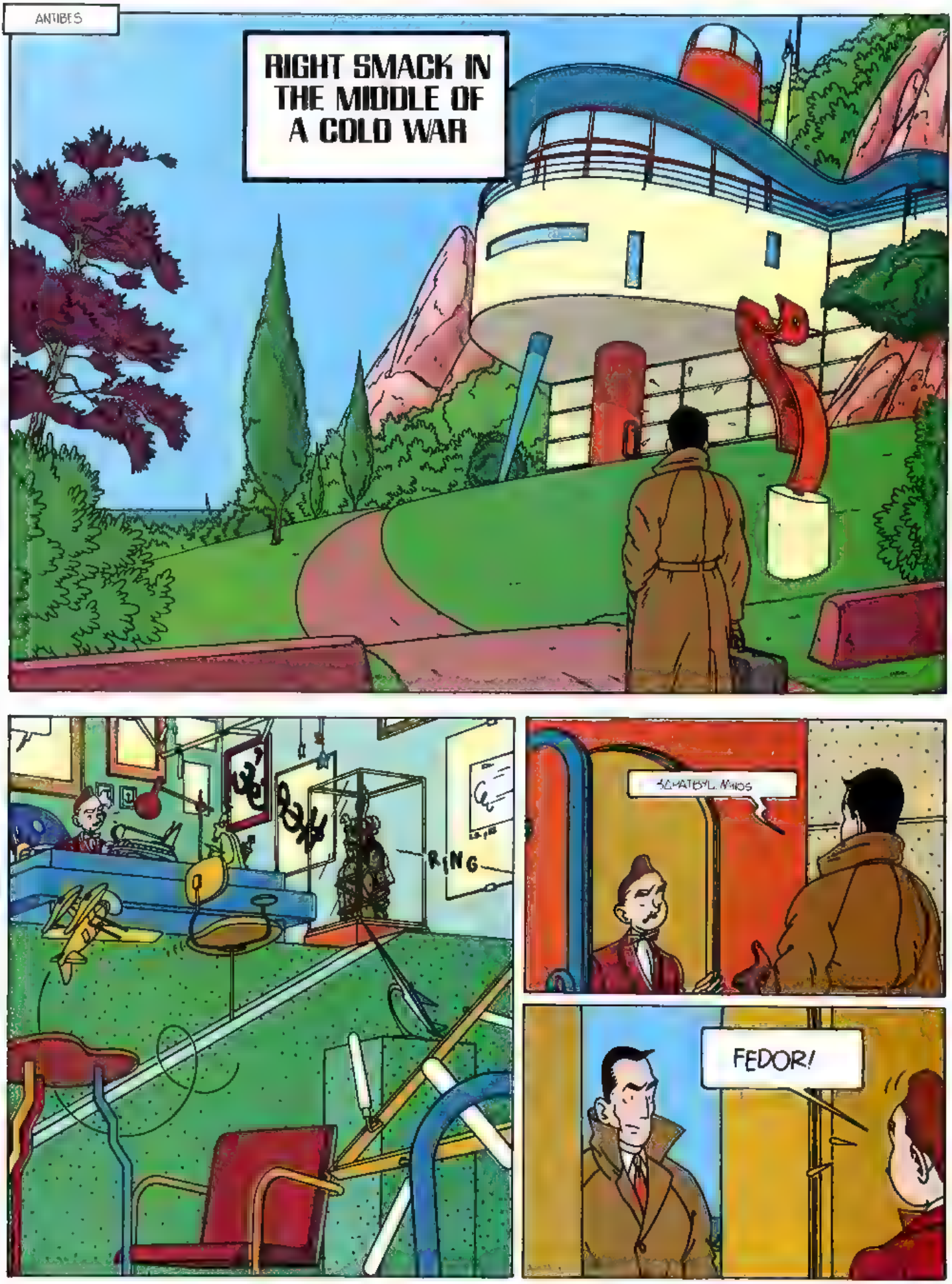

THE SPACECRAFT CITY OF ALGER, DESTINED FOR PLANET VEGA, IS ARRIVING FROM EARTH
THE QUENCHING CHAMBER THERE THEY SERVE DRINKS MADE OF OF TWO THIRDS RUM AND ONE-THIRD GIN. THIS DRINK, BETTER KNOWN AS THE "MOON-DRIVER", IS THE ONLY LIQUID SUBSTANCE THAT ALL AMPHIBIOUS AND SEA CREATURES CAN SURVIVE ON.
THIS IS THE SLUMBER ROOM FOR THE SHIP'S PERSONNEL. THEY ARE ALL MIMETIC ANDROIDS, SO THE ROOM IS PRETTY COMPACT. THEY CHANGE THEIR APPEARANCE AT WILL, IN ORDER NOT TO FRIGHTEN THE PASSENGERS.
AND SPEAKING OF THE PASSENGERS, THIS IS A GANYMEDE FUNGUS WHO PREFERS TO TRAVEL ATOP THE SHIP RATHER THAN ON BOARD-THE CHEAP BASTARD!
MARTINI
THE FIRST-CLASS BAR WHERE THE ELITE MEET TO DRINK AND EAT. NOW, THAT'S THE LIFE

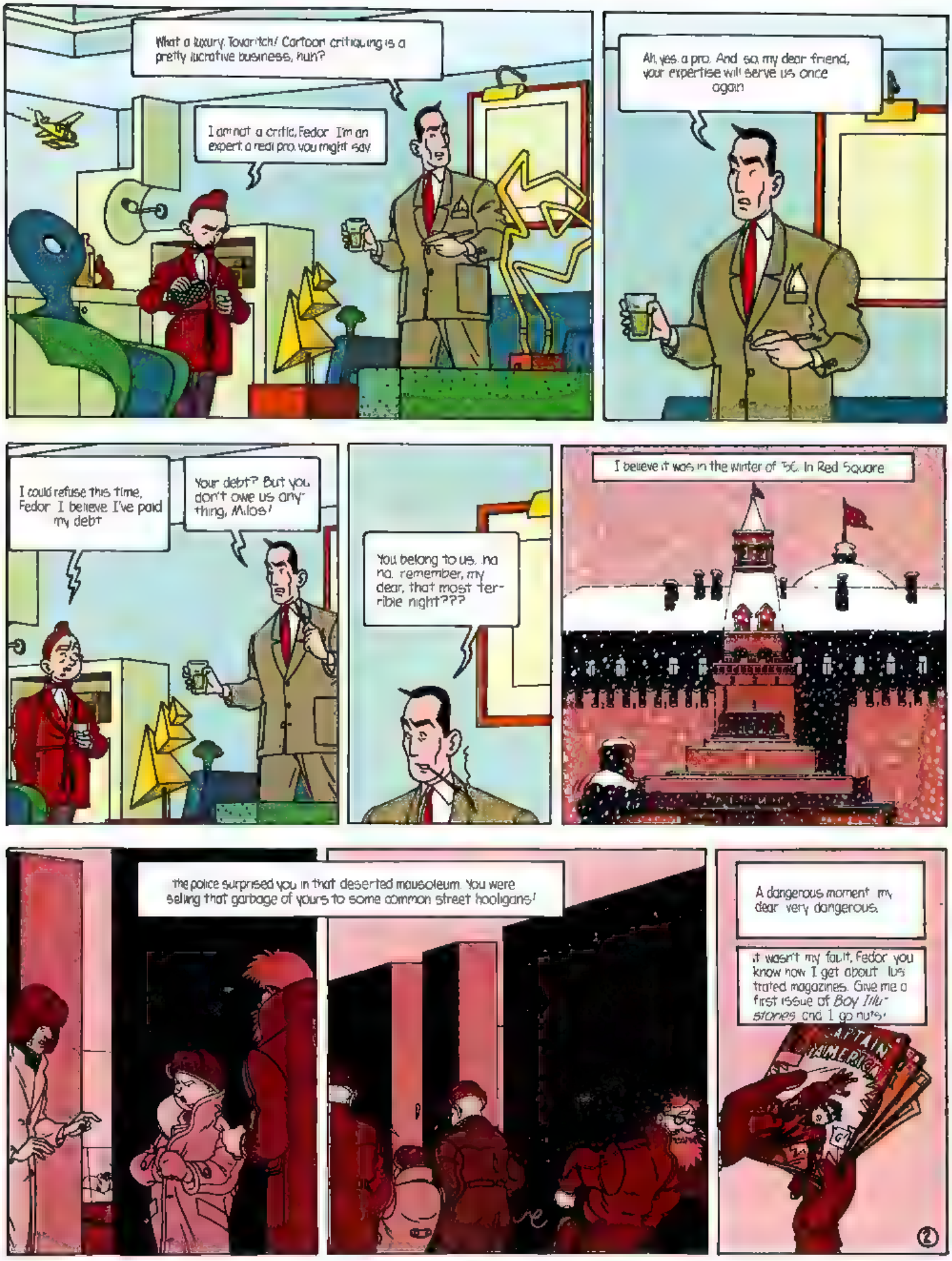
"AND FINALLY, CAPTAIN EPHREM ZIMBALIST, JR., WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THIS VAST VESSEL—12,000 SOULS* ON BOARD, AND ALL OF THEM RELYING ON HIM TO MAKE THIS TRIP A SAFE AND PLEASANT ONE. NOW YOU'VE GOT THE BACKGROUND. LET THE DAY BEGIN..."
YES?
?!?! AAAAAAAAA
SORRY, COMMANDER, I HOPE I DIDN'T SCARE YOU. I TOOK ON THIS FORM IN ORDER TO PLEASE YOU. I FOUND A PICTURE OF IT IN AN OLD BOOK. JUST CALL ME, HMMMM, WHAT WAS HIS NAME. OH YES, MIKE, MIKE MOUSE
THERE'S AN UPROAR IN THE DINING ROOM. COMMANDER CLUSTER 92 REFUSES TO SIT AT THE SAME TABLE AS THE AMBASSADOR FROM VEGA. THE AMBASSADOR SAYS THAT CLUSTER 92 CALLED HIM A...A..A "HOMOSEXUAL!" IT SOUNDS OMINOUS TO ME
LEON, I TOLD YOU NOT TO BOTHER ME WITH THESE TRIFLES WHEN I TOOK YOU ON BOARD. YOU WERE NOTHING BUT A DRUGGED-OUT STRAY. NOW, GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, CLEAR UP THE MESS IN THE DINING ROOM, AND, LEON, DON'T MAKE ME REGRET MY KINDNESS. HMM?
H'M!! HE OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T LIKE MY DISGUISE
LEON, I'VE ASKED YOU TIME AND TIME AGAIN. DON'T TRY AND PLEASE ME WHILE ON DUTY. NOW, TELL ME WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING?
SO YOU HAD YOUR PERMIT TUCKED AWAY IN THE DIGESTIVE POUCH OF A VEGANE. WHAT YOU GOT EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEADS? DIDN'T YOU SEE THE SIGN? YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A COMET CHANNEL!
?!
BUT
NO BUTS ABOUT IT. MOVE ALONG, MOVE ALONG, AND DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU HERE AGAIN

* THAT IS IF ONE CONSIDERS THE THEORY THAT VEGANS POSSESS SOULS. THIS HAS BEEN A MAJOR INTERGALACTIC STUMPER THROUGHOUT THE AGES!

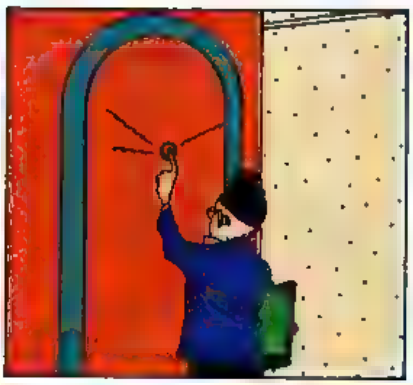

YES?
AAAAAAAAAAAA
OH, SORRY, COMMANDER, I THOUGHT I'D CHANGE BACK I JUST WANTED TO MAKE YOU HAPPY
LEON, IF I'VE TOLD YOU ONCE, I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES OH, NEVER MIND. WHAT'S UP?
WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS IN THE QUENCHING CHAMBER. I FORGOT TO SEPARATE THE MALTHUSIANS
ONE OF THEM ATE THE VICEROY FROM CARBONA THEN RELIEVED HIMSELF, FATALLY POISONING THE SEVENTEEN ENVOYS FROM BETELGEUSE. WHAT SHOULD I DO?
I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE WE SHOULD STUFF THEM AND SEND THEM TO THEIR FAMILIES OR ELSE WE..
RED RED ALERT ALERT RED ALERT RED ALERT

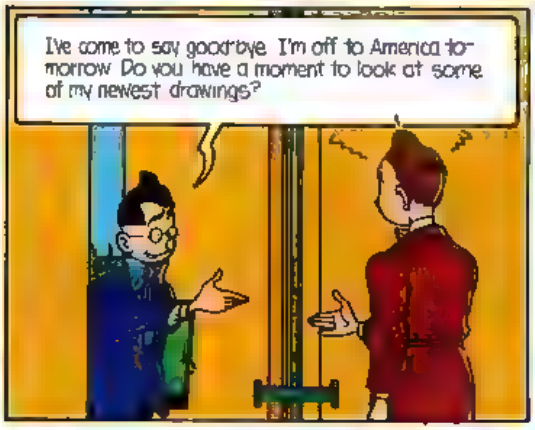
PLEASE BEWARE. IF YOU ENTER THE EXTERIOR GALAXIES ZONE, HAVE PATIENCE. A LOBIAN CARGO SHIP CARRYING PRECIOUS MINERALS HAS STRUCK AN ASTEROID. THE CARGO IS LOOSE AND IS NOW BLOCKING ALL OF THE FREEWAYS
HOLY. IT'LL TAKE FIVE YEARS TO CLEAR THE WAY! WELL, FUCK THAT. LAW OR NO LAW. I'LL JUST CONNECT THE DISTORTER HERE AND
PLOP
PLOP
FIELD OBSTRUCTION INSIDE A GALAXY! THAT'S IT, BUDDY. I'M TAKING YOU IN.
AAAAA!
GEE, I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN. WANNA JALUMA?
NO, THANKS, LEON. IT'S JUST BEEN ONE OF THOSE DAYS
FIN

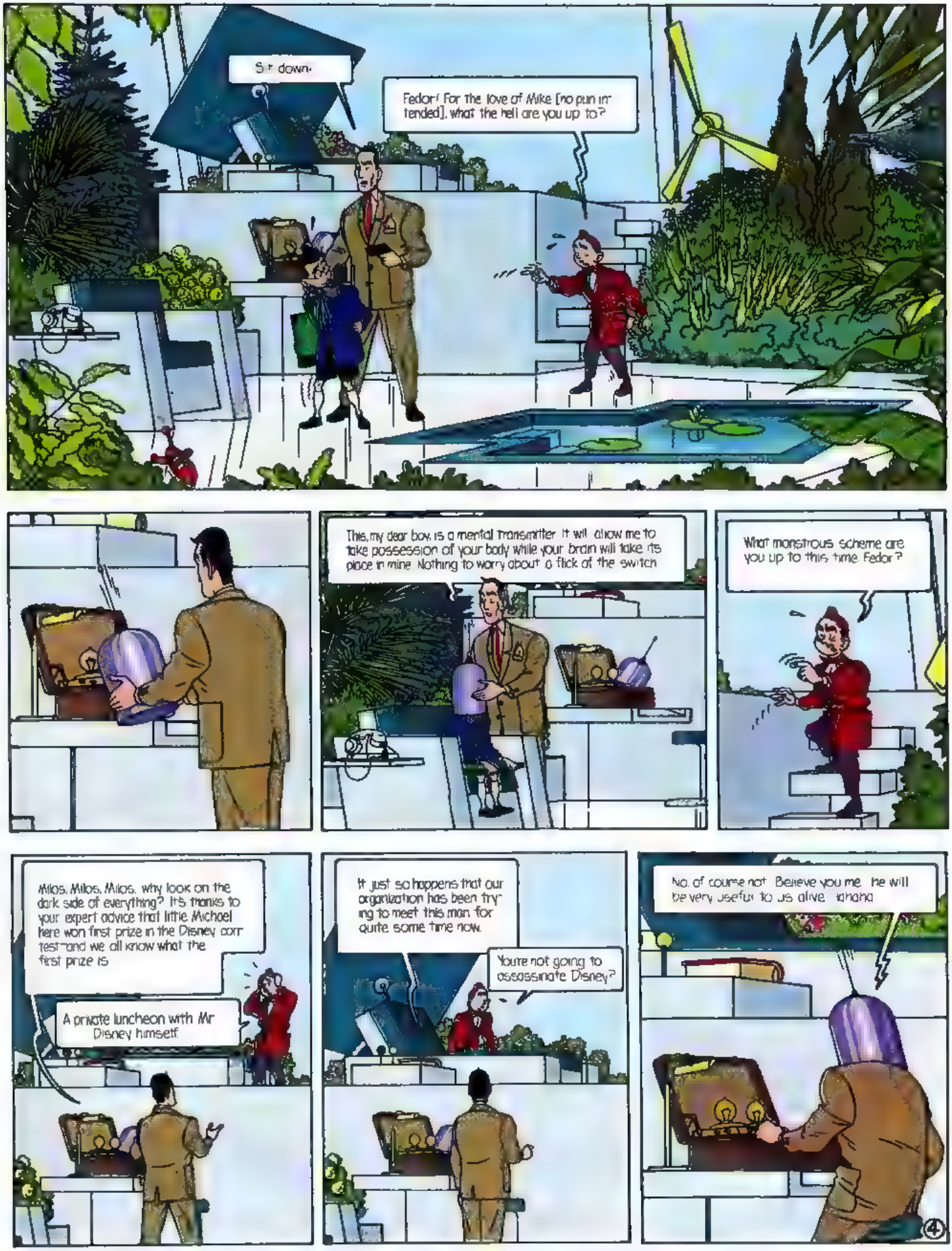

ANTIBES
RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A COLD WAR
RING
FEDOR!


What a luxury, Tovaritch! Cartoon critiquing is a pretty lucrative business, hun?
I am not a critic, Fedor. I'm an expert, a real pro, you might say.
Ah, yes, a pro. And so, my dear friend, your expertise will serve us once again.
I could refuse this time, Fedor. I believe I've paid my debt.
Your debt? But you don't owe us anything, Miles!
You belong to us, ha ha. remember, my dear, that most terrible night???
I believe it was in the winter of '50. In Red Square
the police surprised you in that deserted mausoleum. You were selling that garbage of yours to some common street hooligans!
A dangerous moment, my dear, very dangerous.
It wasn't my fault, Fedor, you know how I get about lustrated magazines. Give me a first issue of Boy Illustrated stories and I go nuts!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
2

*Espionage For Fun, Inc

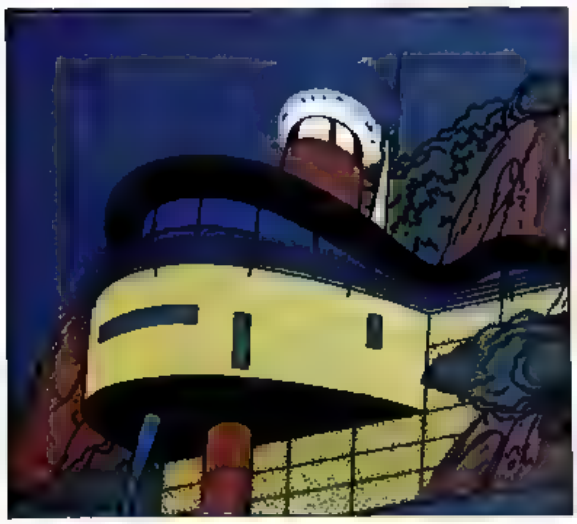


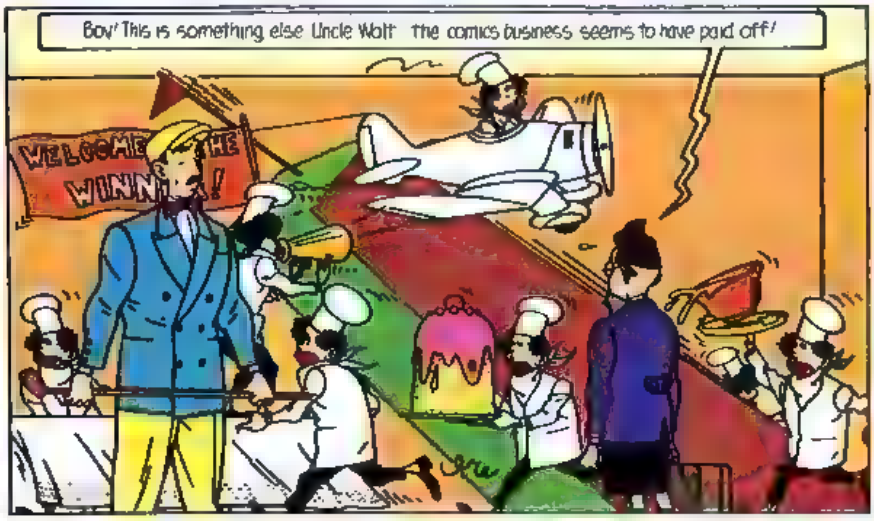



Sit down.
Fedor! For the love of Mike [no pun intended], what the hell are you up to?
This, my dear boy, is a mental transmitter. It will allow me to take possession of your body while your brain will take its place in mine. Nothing to worry about: a flick of the switch
What monstrous scheme are you up to this time, Fedor?
Milos, Milos, Milos, why look on the dark side of everything? It's thanks to your expert advice that little Michael here won first prize in the Disney contest—and we all know what the first prize is.
A private luncheon with Mr Disney himself!
It just so happens that our organization has been trying to meet this man for quite some time now.
You're not going to assassinate Disney?
No, of course not! Believe you me, he will be very useful to us alive, ahaha
4

Well old man, it's done. I'll leave you with this very attractive pair of transmitters, hardly used, and I'll return the boy's body within the week.
LATER ON
I hope my son hasn't been bothering you, Mr. Tovaritch.
Not at all, Madame, not at all.
And don't forget to give the card to Aunt Bianca. And mind
Well, poor Michael, how's about some TV. I believe there's a great old Mickey Rooney film on now. See, he and Judy Garland.
And here he is now, Ladies and Gentlemen, little Michael Michaelson, winner of the "Draw a Friend for Mickey" Contest
FRONTIERLAND
MAIN STREET
ADVENTURE!
5

Well, hello there, big fella, I'm Walt Disney!
18




Boy! This is something else Uncle Walt the comics business seems to have paid off!
WELCOME THE WINNI

AND YET LATER
Let's play a little game

You're not playing at any game [BIP] Fedor Fedorovitch!
What? But how do you know my name?

Oh I know who you are and also all about that gadget of yours We make the same thing here at Disneyland Here [B P] let me show you something

ANTIBES.
This film was taken in Cuba in 1969—the day of Batista's fall.
You see, I am a Honeywell 4400 robot, conceived by ƎBIPƎ Langley. We're on to your whole espionage game. Face it Fedor Fedorivitch, you've lost.
But let's all be good sports about this. Now go home and tell those pigs at the KGB that they have to get up pretty early in the morning, to catch this early bird...in order to get the worm. Errr, something like that. ƎBIPƎ
And I'm confiscating this.
Why did you let him go?
Can you imagine putting a child ƎBIPƎ on trial for espionage? Sounds like something Max and Dave Fleischer would animate.
EVEN LATER...

ΣΑΡΑΤΒΥΩ, Milos! The attempt failed miserably. I must go home immediately. Is the boy here?
Mr Milos left yesterday. He said he was going to Hollywood to fulfil a lifelong dream. He figured your body was better for traveling purposes.
To Hollywood? And the machines? Where are the transmitters???
I'm not Milos, Mr Fedor. I'm Michael
WHAT?
I guess he took them with him
RING
Milos, you've come back. Thank God! You've brought back my body. Where are the trans...
Hello ΣΒΙΡΣ there big fella. I'm Walt Disney!
FIN

Jean-Louis Floch
Jean-Luc Fromental

It has been said "there's nothing like the real thing, baabee." How true these words are when applied to the paintings you have before you. Pinarsco. Van Groolim. Rookwin. Do these names ring a bell? Well, they should, for these artists are among the top in their field, as these never-before seen-on-Earth prints will attest to. So join me, Rex ("Reed it and weep") DuBot, art critic for the *Plutonian Sun Times*, for a look at these classics

Classics from the Intergalactica Museum

Illustrations by **Michael Gross**

Although the identity of this painting's creator is unknown, it is perhaps the greatest example of pre-Renaissance engraving from the Galaxy 57004. When the robot planner for the 5th Planet, 35th Sun, sent his emissary of peace, he was all but well received. The assorted species united as one to confront the seemingly all-powerful robot, and the results are forevermore romantically and graphically portrayed here.

This is the final self-portrait of the tormented Impressionist Van Groolim (Andromeda Area 6777089 778, Northern Sky). It is a powerful study of a fevered mind held in check by a great ego and superior intelligence said to be unequaled in the known galaxies.

Who from the planet Vinak can think of Thanksgiving (or Grips Day, for that matter) without having the paintings of Noormin Rookwin come to mind? This painting has been touted as his finest though his art is often criticized by novices and intellectuals alike for being too sentimental. All in all, he has remained a favorite with the masses.

R D

Rarely has the beauty and grace of a female Grittle from the planet Preet been captured as well as this. The photorealistic feel of this painting is a standout when compared to Pinarsco's yellow and/or white periods. After striving for 130 years he was finally able to achieve total realism with "Grittle Looking in the Mirror."

THE FINAL TAP BY CAZA

TOC
TOC TOC
TOC TOC TOC
WHAT'S THAT?
TOC TOC TOC TOC
IT'S THOSE NOISY NEIGHBORS AGAIN! GOOD GOD
TOC TOC TOC TOC TOC
THEY MUST BE CRAZY DON'T THEY REALIZE WHAT TIME IT IS?
TOC TOC TOC TOC TOC
MY BROOM WHERE IS MY BROOM?
TOC TOC TOC TOC TOC
OH, HERE IT IS!
TAP TAP!
CAZA 78

The Story of the Flaxen-haired Princess, the Beautiful Doe, and Big Ol' Kittycat
Once upon a time there was a king whose name was Nimmj
that's me
My wife died, ah my sweet queen, a few years back, and now I live with my daughter the Flaxen-haired princess
that's me?
One day, I mentioned to my daughter in passing "By the way, I'm going to remarry tomorrow!"
!
Hmmm, this is where the trouble will begin

I seem to have made a bad impression on the new queen.
I just can't figure it out
charming child
It won't be long before family life becomes unbearable
Brex
Brex
But things really got bad once the queen had a daughter of her own

Papa!
Papa!
Papa!
Ha ha! Ha ha ha! Hah!
I've got to find a way to get rid of that noisy brat
Papa!
Ah ha! The Page!
La La La
I'm the abominable unscrupulous Page and the Queen has bought my conscience for quite a nice wage! La La La
I'll lose the raven-haired child in the Dahlia Forest—she'll go wild
I'll be punished, no doubt, maybe not, if there is no one about

HELLO, DEAR reader I'm Ol' Kittycat, and I'm here to help that POOR young Princess

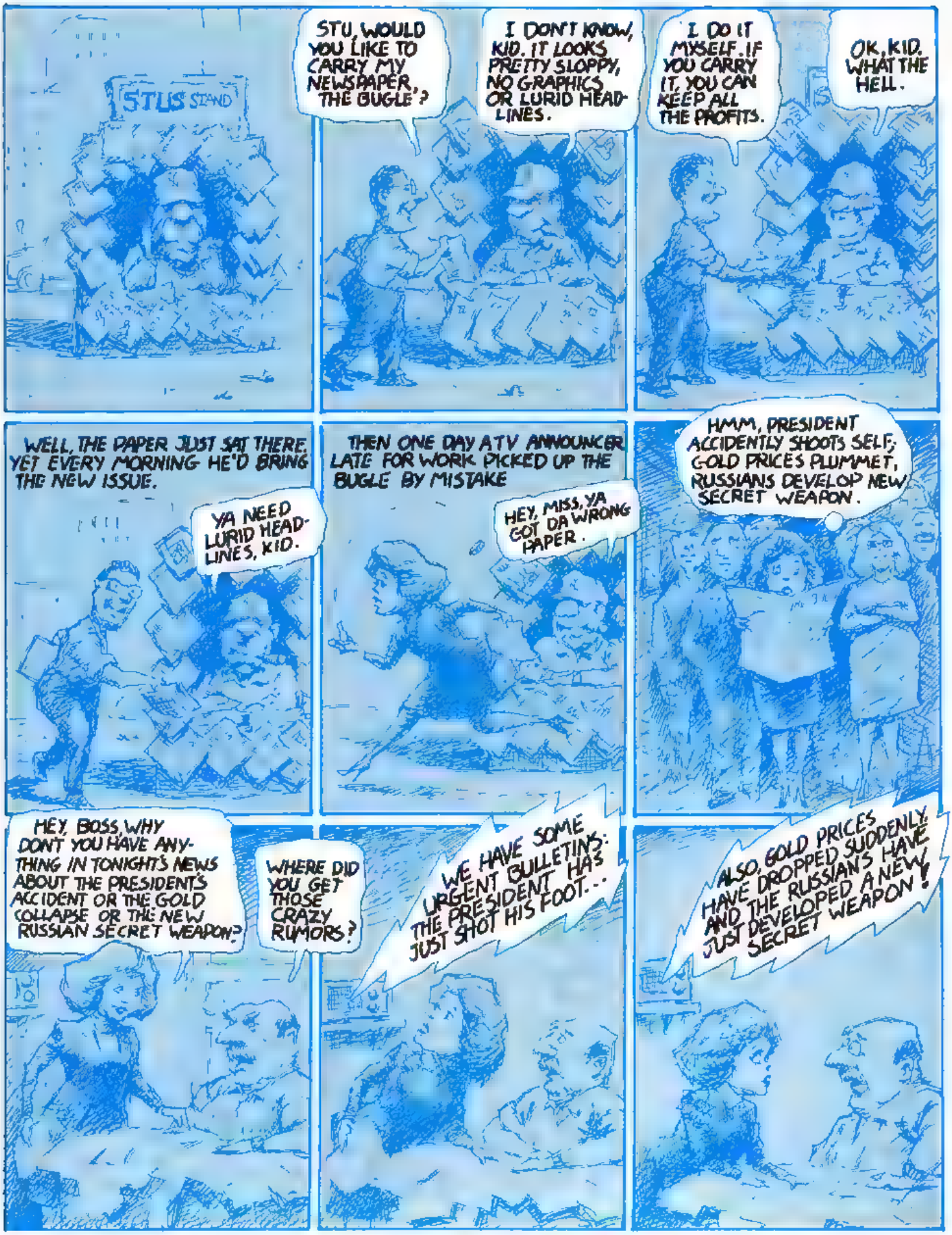
Come with me, flaxen-haired princess. I shall take you to the beautiful does castle where you will be safe!
Who's the beautiful doe?

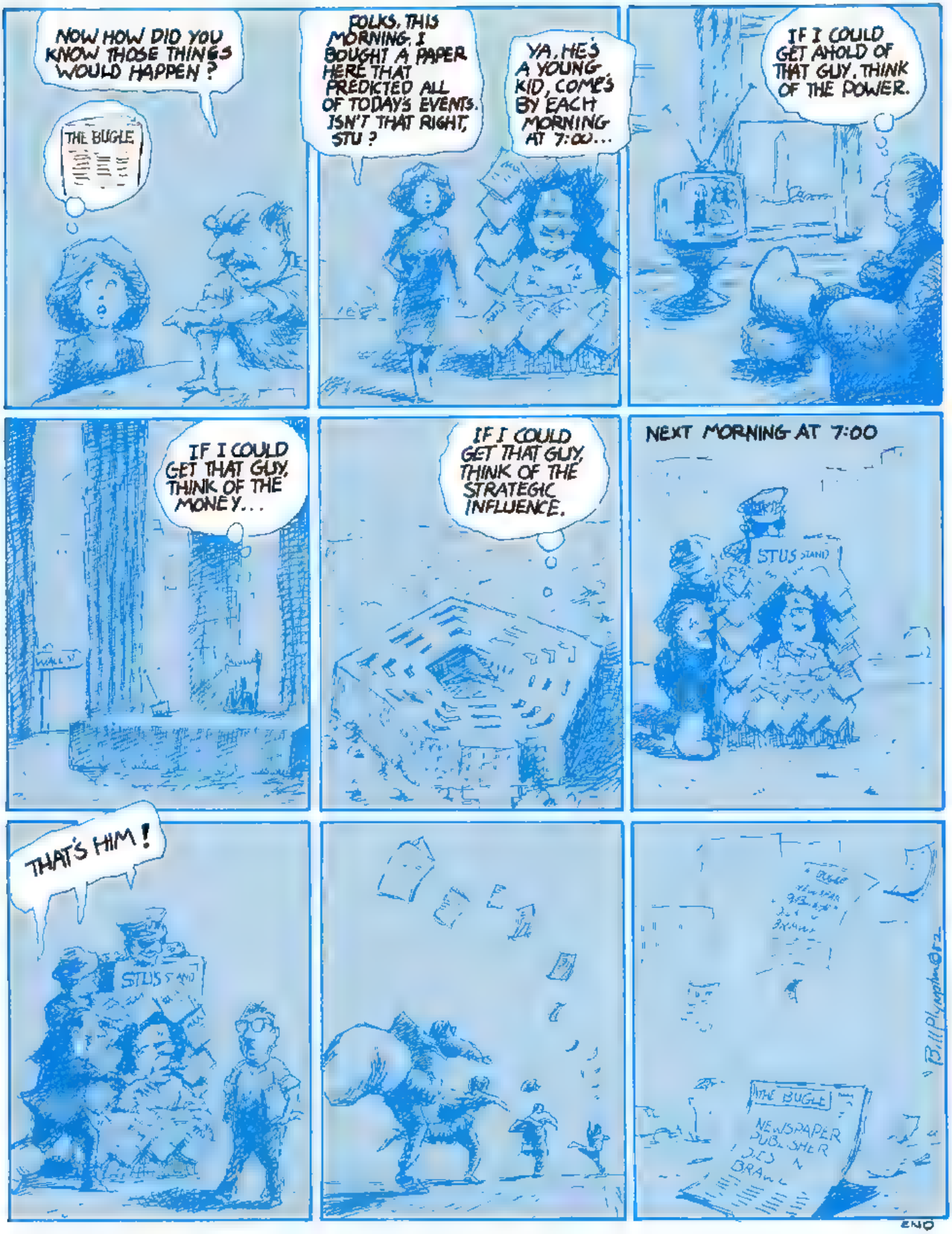
Welcome, flaxen-haired princess!
Rest assured, my dear child, you're among friends. My son, Big Ol' Kittycat, and I have been waiting for you for quite some time now.
-But I-
But, Madame Doe??? What about my father, King Ninny? Will I ever see him again?
Ah, dear, sweet, flaxen-haired youth, let us forget the future for the time being. Remember, time will tell and a rolling stone gathers no moss!
Well, sure, but all the same, I shall miss him.

Let me be frank with you, you're a smart child, and I know you'll understand. As you might have guessed, I am a fairy. Many years ago, a wicked so-and-so placed a spell on me. Up until now, I have been doomed for life in this ever so-svelt but a tad embarrassing, body!
I've been looking for a talisman that's supposed to be around here somewhere. It will enable me to escape this life of doe-dom, but I can't seem to find it anywhere. I've been like this for 4000 years already, and it's gotten a bit tiresome.
I have been looking and looking, but you can't imagine how many nooks and crannies there are in this place.
Oh, really?
Beautiful, dear! Come see! Would this be your talisman by any chance?
What? Where?
talisman
Oohhuaaa! You've found my talisman! Where are you, Big Ol' Kitty-cat? We can finally change back to our former selves!

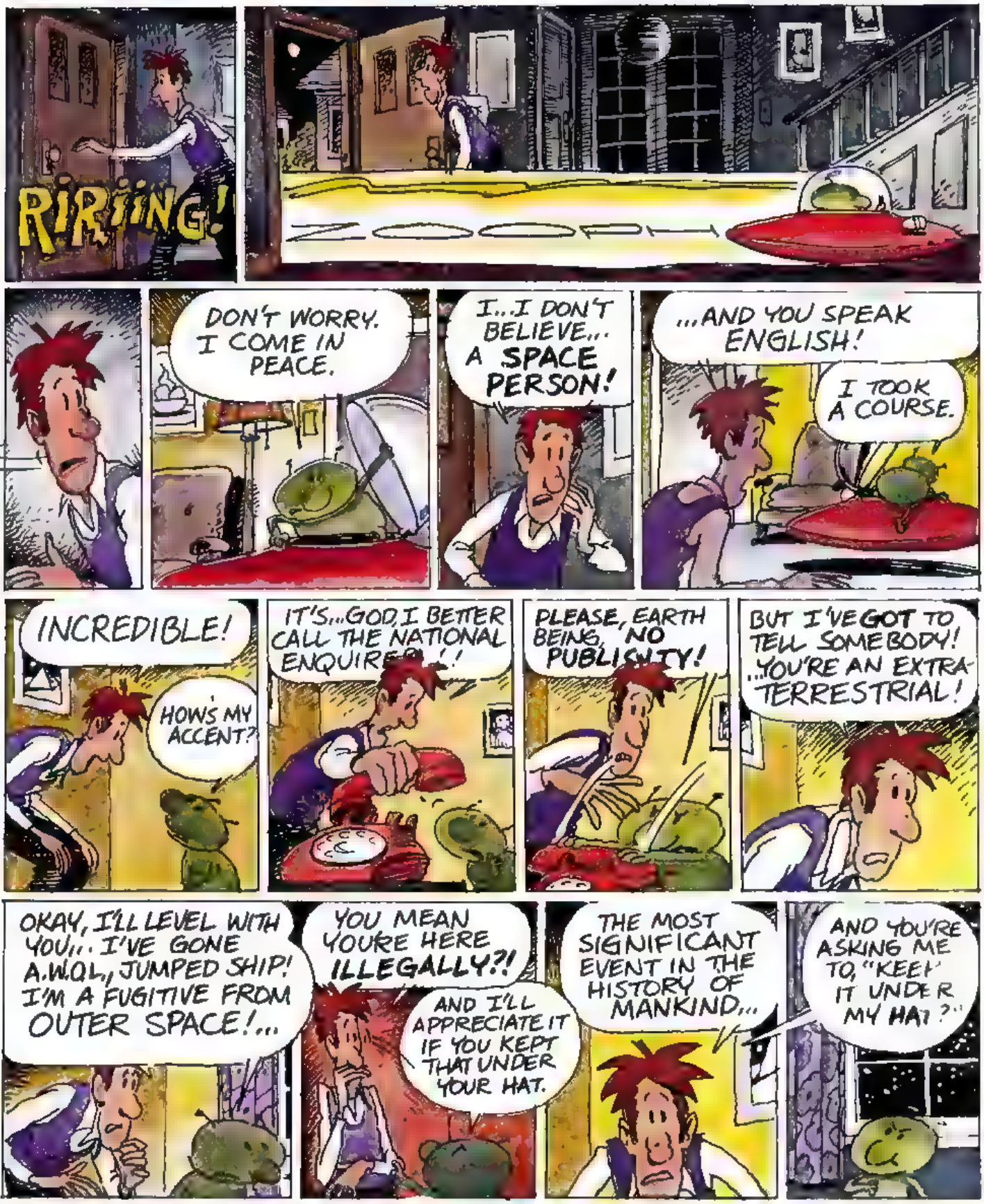
Oh, joy! No more hoof and mouth disease! I'm finished grazing for good!
After 4000 years it must be quite a rude awakening. Frankly I think I liked her better as a doe!
She's going to leave me now for sure!
But who cares.. we can stay together here in the castle..
No more grass stuck between my teeth!
Forever
And ever
Fin

THE BUGLE


STU'S STAND
STU, WOULD YOU LIKE TO CARRY MY NEWSPAPER, THE BUGLE?
I DON'T KNOW, KID. IT LOOKS PRETTY SLOPPY, NO GRAPHICS OR LURID HEADLINES.
I DO IT MYSELF. IF YOU CARRY IT, YOU CAN KEEP ALL THE PROFITS.
OK, KID. WHAT THE HELL.
WELL, THE PAPER JUST SAT THERE. YET EVERY MORNING HE'D BRING THE NEW ISSUE.
YA NEED LURID HEADLINES, KID.
THEN ONE DAY A TV ANNOUNCER LATE FOR WORK PICKED UP THE BUGLE BY MISTAKE
HEY, MISS, YA GOT DA WRONG PAPER.
HMM, PRESIDENT ACCIDENTLY SHOOTS SELF; GOLD PRICES PLUMMET, RUSSIANS DEVELOP NEW SECRET WEAPON.
HEY, BOSS, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING IN TONIGHT'S NEWS ABOUT THE PRESIDENT'S ACCIDENT OR THE GOLD COLLAPSE OR THE NEW RUSSIAN SECRET WEAPON?
WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE CRAZY RUMORS?
WE HAVE SOME URGENT BULLETINS: THE PRESIDENT HAS JUST SHOT HIS FOOT...
ALSO, GOLD PRICES HAVE DROPPED SUDDENLY, AND THE RUSSIANS HAVE JUST DEVELOPED A NEW SECRET WEAPON!

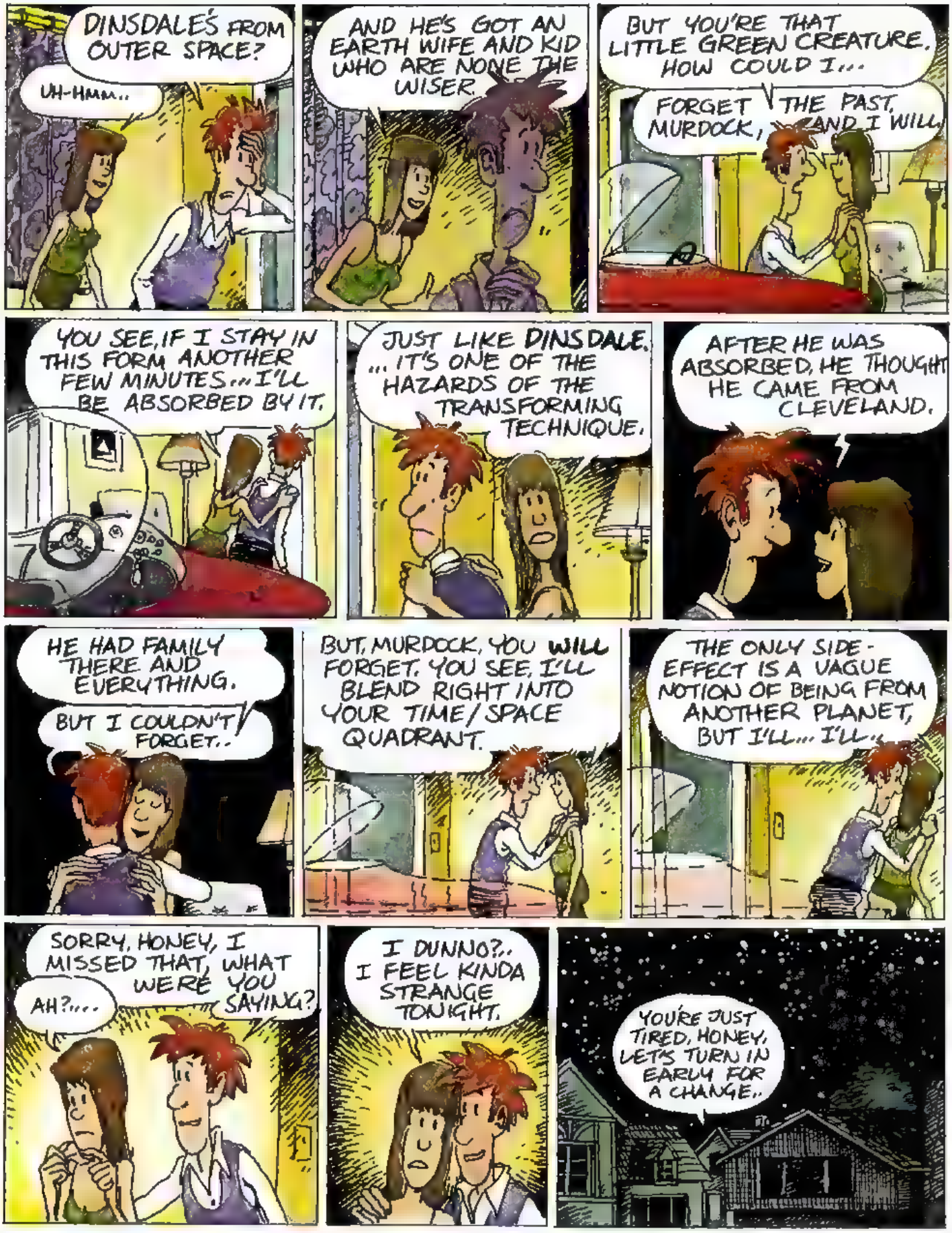

NOW HOW DID YOU KNOW THOSE THINGS WOULD HAPPEN?
THE BUGLE
FOLKS, THIS MORNING, I BOUGHT A PAPER HERE THAT PREDICTED ALL OF TODAY'S EVENTS. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, STU?
YA, HE'S A YOUNG KID, COMES BY EACH MORNING AT 7:00...
IF I COULD GET AHOLD OF THAT GUY, THINK OF THE POWER.
IF I COULD GET THAT GUY, THINK OF THE MONEY...
IF I COULD GET THAT GUY, THINK OF THE STRATEGIC INFLUENCE.
NEXT MORNING AT 7:00
STUS STAND
THAT'S HIM!
STUS STAND
THE BUGLE
NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER DIES IN BRAWL
BillPlympton
END

SUBURBAN LOVE STORY


RIIIING!
ZOOPH
DON'T WORRY. I COME IN PEACE.
I..I DON'T BELIEVE... A SPACE PERSON!
...AND YOU SPEAK ENGLISH!
I TOOK A COURSE.
INCREDIBLE!
HOW'S MY ACCENT?
IT'S...GOD, I BETTER CALL THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER!
PLEASE, EARTH BEING, NO PUBLICITY!
BUT I'VE GOT TO TELL SOMEBODY! ...YOU'RE AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL!
OKAY, I'LL LEVEL WITH YOU... I'VE GONE A.W.O.L., JUMPED SHIP! I'M A FUGITIVE FROM OUTER SPACE!...
YOU MEAN YOU'RE HERE ILLEGALLY?!
AND I'LL APPRECIATE IT IF YOU KEPT THAT UNDER YOUR HAT.
THE MOST SIGNIFICANT EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND...
AND YOU'RE ASKING ME TO, "KEEP IT UNDER MY HAT?"

A CRACKPOT, HUH?! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?!
MUH... MURDOCK..
WELL, LISTEN, MUH-MURDOCK! IF MOTHER SHIP FINDS OUT I'M HERE..
THERE'S GONNA BE A LOTTA SCORCHED EARTH IN THE VICINITY!
SCORCHED EARTH?...
JEEZZUS!
YOU GOT ANYTHING TO EAT AROUND HERE?
LOOK, THIS IS A PRETTY NOSEY NEIGHBORHOOD, ... MAYBE YOU'D BE BETTER OFF IN WYOMING OR SOMETHING..
FORGET THE NEIGHBORS, I'VE GOT THE POWER TO TRANSFORM MY SHAPE INTO AN EARTH CREATURE'S.
WULLA! WULLA! WULLA!
NO PROBLEM.
SO RELAX, MURDOCK. YOU GOT ANY MUSTARD?
BUT THAT'S A PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH.
RIP-INNG!!
DON'T ANSWER IT!
OH, JEEZ! OH NO! OH, GOD! IT'S THEM! OH, JEEZ OH NO OHG!
WULLA! WULLA! WULLA! WULLA!
MURDOCK?!
WULLA! WULLA! WULLA!

THE DOOR WAS OPEN SO I...
RHODA?
WHO'S THAT!?!
I CAN EXPLAIN!
I CAN'T EXPLAIN,
HOWDY!
HONEY, COME BACK!
SLAM!
Y'KNOW, MURDOCK, NOW THAT I SEE YOU THROUGH EARTH EYES...
I KNOW IT'S SUDDEN BUT... I THINK I LOVE YOU,
LOVE? LOVE! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LOVE?! YOU'RE, YOU'RE JUST A...
...'BOUT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN.
CRASH!
HOLD ME!
NO! THIS IS CRAZY! YOU'RE NOT A REAL WOMAN.
...IN EVERY DETAIL
MURDOCK, LISTEN TO ME. YOU KNOW TED DINSDALE? THE GUY WHO RUNS THE RECORD STORE AT THE SHOPPING CENTER?
HE'S A FUGITIVE TOO! ...WE'RE BOTH FROM THE SAME STAR CLUSTER.


DINSDALE'S FROM OUTER SPACE?
UH-HMM..
AND HE'S GOT AN EARTH WIFE AND KID WHO ARE NONE THE WISER.
BUT YOU'RE THAT LITTLE GREEN CREATURE. HOW COULD I...
FORGET THE PAST, MURDOCK, AND I WILL.
YOU SEE, IF I STAY IN THIS FORM ANOTHER FEW MINUTES... I'LL BE ABSORBED BY IT.
JUST LIKE DINSDALE. ... IT'S ONE OF THE HAZARDS OF THE TRANSFORMING TECHNIQUE.
AFTER HE WAS ABSORBED, HE THOUGHT HE CAME FROM CLEVELAND.
HE HAD FAMILY THERE AND EVERYTHING.
BUT I COULDN'T FORGET..
BUT, MURDOCK, YOU WILL FORGET. YOU SEE, I'LL BLEND RIGHT INTO YOUR TIME/SPACE QUADRANT.
THE ONLY SIDE-EFFECT IS A VAGUE NOTION OF BEING FROM ANOTHER PLANET, BUT I'LL... I'LL..
SORRY, HONEY, I MISSED THAT, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?
AH?....
I DUNNO?.. I FEEL KINDA STRANGE TONIGHT.
YOU'RE JUST TIRED, HONEY. LETS TURN IN EARLY FOR A CHANGE..

SEE SPOT RUN

BY DAN STEFFAN

..AND AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF OUR HOMEWORLD OF KHROM, WE PRESENT THIS PLANT TO YOU AS A SYMBOL OF THE NEW LIFE THAT WE HAVE.
BROUGHT WITH US FROM THE STARS! THIS TREE, KNOWN FOR ITS CONSTANT PRODUCTION OF FOOD, IS A REMINDER OF OUR CONTINUOUS WISH FOR PEACE!
BBZZZT!
VIDEO
THE PLANT WILL BE ON EXHIBIT AT THE.. clik
SPEAKING! YES, I WAS WATCHING... I AGREE.. THIS IS AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY! I WILL CALL THE OTHERS!

THE OTHERS: A GROUP OF GENTLEMEN WITH NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN TO FUCK WITH THE DAY-TO-DAY RUNNING OF THE UNIVERSE (as we know it)!
HELLO?
FORREST "PESKY" ZEEL
TONIGHT? WHAT TIME?
RONDO MERTZ
8:00 P.M.? SWELL!
FRANKLIN WILT
I'LL BE THERE!
KILL
MABUTU JOY
8:00 PM
THIS IS OUR COUP DE GRACE! AN OFFENSE THAT REALLY LIVES UP TO ITS NAME!
TONIGHT—WE STEAL THE KHRYMIAN PEACE PLANT!
IT'S INCREDIBLE TO ME THAT THEY WOULD TRY AND PASS OFF AN ORDINARY HOUSE PLANT!
A DANDELION WOULD BE CLOSER TO THE TRUTH!
GAD! USING THE SCOURGE OF FINE LAWN GROOMING AS A PEACE OFFERING! SWINE!
I HEAR THAT THIS IS ALL JUST A JOKE TO THE KHRYMIANS!
CORRECT! MY REPORTS INDICATE THAT THE "PEACE" PLANT IS JUST A COMMON BUSH!
THOSE SWINE! THIS WILL TAKE THE RODS OUT OF THEIR REACTORS!

THIS IS GOING TO BE MY GREATEST MOMENT!
LOOK AT THEM RUN, FRANKLIN! I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THIS EASY!
THE OTHERS ARE LANDING, SIR!
QUICKLY, FRANKLIN! THE GAME IS AFOOT!
KRAK!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU ASSHOLE! GET THE PLANT!
PING!
AW, SHIT! SNIPERS!
KRAK!
IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN THIS WAY! HOW COULD THINGS GO SO WRONG?
HEY, SPOT! UP HERE!
HERE'S... ...YOUR... ...PEACE PLANT!
RONDO?

...CHOKE...
I'VE GOT IT!
I'VE GOT IT!
OH! OH! QUICKLY, TASTE IT! TASTE IT!
WELL?
WHAT'S WRONG?
PTUI!
THE WEED OF KHRYM BEARS BITTER FRUIT!!
end

$9.95

Yep, only $9.95 for a one-year subscription to National Lampoon.

For a limited time only, you may purchase twelve issues of *National Lampoon* for only $9.95. These same twelve issues purchased separately at a newsstand would cost you $24.00. Hey, what's the gimmick? you ask. Are these issues last year's or radioactive or printed on Kleenex? No, sir. For $9.95 you receive the same quality magazines you would otherwise be purchasing on the newsstand at the much higher price.

$9.95 Less than:

- TEN DOLLARS
- A PAIR OF INEXPENSIVE CUFF LINKS
- ONE NEW YORK CITY SPEEDING TICKET
- HAVING A CAT PUT TO SLEEP
- A SIXTY MILE BUS RIDE
- A GOOD GLASS EYE

Only **$9.95** Hurry!

After this offer expires, we will be going back to our regular subscription price, dollars higher than this offer.

There's very little chance to save money these days. The price of gas is going up, the price of food is skyrocketing, rents are soaring. Only *National Lampoon* charges less!

Subscribe today!

If the coupon that should be in the adjoining space is torn out, send your money and all pertinent subscription information to:
National Lampoon, Dept. HM882
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

YES, I want to take advantage of this one-time offer and save dollars on this subscription.

Here's my check or money order, payable to:
***National Lampoon*, Dept. HM882, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.**

☐ 3-year subscription $18.50 (basic subscription price; a saving of $53.50 over single-copy purchases).

☐ 2-year subscription—$13.75 (basic subscription price; a saving of $34.25 over single-copy purchases).

☐ 1-year subscription—$9.95 (basic subscription price; a saving of $14.05 over single-copy purchases).

For each year add $3.00 for Canada and Mexico; $5.00 for other foreign countries. All checks must be payable within continental U.S. and Canada.

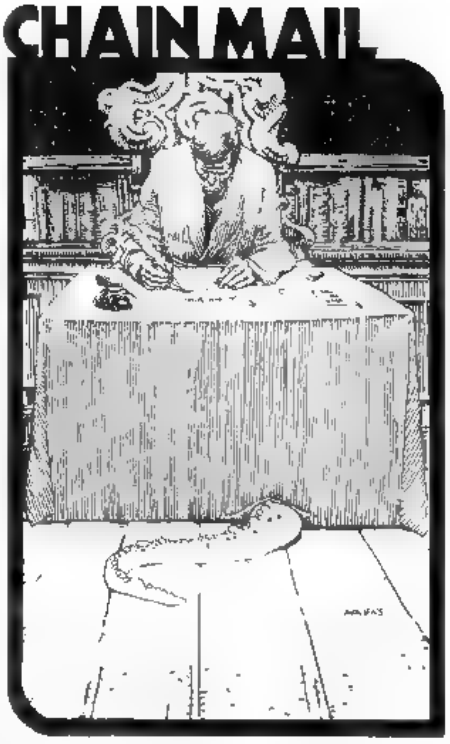
Name

Address

City State Zip

For even faster service, call *toll-free* 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31.

CHAIN MAIL



Dear Ms. Simmons-Lynch:

I read with interest the first installment of David Black's "The Third Sexual Revolution," and I'm surprised he made no mention of gay contributions to the "transcendent eroticism in the eighties." This is especially noticeable inasmuch as he referred to several examples of new heterosexual eroticism which began as, or were derived from, earlier gay models. Plato's Retreat, in its first location in the Ansonia Hotel, was of course the Continental Baths of years ago; the Pleasure Chest, now much diversified, began as a primarily gay toy shop; the Hell Fire Club, located in a former gay bar, certainly takes a lot of its inspiration from the neighboring Mineshaft.

In the area of sexual revolution at least, feminism and gay awareness stand on the same side of the barricades. Feminism, involving greater numbers, is probably the stronger partner, yet gay men and women, with their own very special threat to standard, preconceived ideas of maleness and femaleness, are in a way the shocktroopers in the struggle against sexual stereotype. Mr. Black seems to have overlooked this.

Nicholas Davies
New York, N.Y.

You're perfectly right, of course, and David promises to expand his focus to include the very real influence the gay sensibility has had on eighties' eroticism.—ls

Dear Folks:

HM has retained its high quality very successfully over the past years, but the April issue was absolutely the best. The reason I say this is because of the fantastic illustration on the Table of Contents page drawn by Louisville artist Bucky Montgomery. I would like to see much more of Bucky Montgomery's art in *HM*.

Bucky Montgomery
Louisville, Ky.

Pathetic the lengths some people will go to for praise, eh? —ls

Dear *HM*:

I've had it! Why is it that every time I start enjoying a series in your magazine, it gets canned? I've been buying *HM* for over a year now and the *one* series I consistently read first and enjoyed most, "Tex Arcana" hasn't appeared in four or five months! Come on, that story about the clinic in Switzerland doesn't wash with me! Get Mr. Findley back!

Delton R. Moreau, Jr.
Katterbach, W. Germany

Calm down, Delt. You aren't the only one breathing down our necks about "Tex Arcana"'s sudden absence, and frankly all that dribbling saliva is beginning to stain our shirts. Anyway, John Findley, Jr., is indeed at work on further Tex strips, after being unavoidably delayed for months. Expect him back in the fall. ls

Dear Editor,

While we were pleased to see Brad Balfour's qualifiedly positive review of *Elfquest* (April), we were distressed—annoyed, irked, provoked, choose a suitable verb—at his reference to Wendy Pini alone. We don't know where this bias comes from—perhaps it is simply "art chauvinism" at work—but it has appeared in other reviews of our work and is becoming increasingly bothersome to us. *Elfquest* is, as we have stated repeatedly, a team effort.

Wendy and Richard Pini
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Our apologies to both of you for the oversight.—ls

Dear Julie:

I'd like to play "I like/I don't like" for a bit. (*Why not, everybody else does —ls*) I really like both February covers very much; not only that, I suspect they will sell magazines. I am amazed to see me saying this about the front cover, because I have for a long time believed that, as a group-effort, the work of the Brothers Hildebrandt simply sucked dead mules. A bunch of stuffed dolls very poorly composed, all with their eyes carefully focused a foot before their faces, and none of them acknowledging any existences but their own, and always in totally static attitudes. Leafing through the Ballantine profile, I realized that one of the brothers has some imagination and artistic ability, but his genes seem to be recessive when they work together.

José Ma Bea Font ("Tales of the Galactic Inn") has one of the spiffiest illustrational styles to appear in *HM* lately; can't you get him to collaborate with someone who can write? All the detail, including even some of the early dialogue, holds interest; the story is as devastatingly boring as it is pictured, and the previous one was even worse. Here I go to all the trouble of reading all those words, and all they do is trivialize the lovely artwork. What a tragic waste of talent!

I do wish poor old Richard Corben could take a year or two off and learn how to draw again. All I see is hack-work.

"Zora" is another case of interesting panels of artwork totally ruined by vapid text.

The more I see of "Cymbiola," the less there seems to be to it. Does the whole thing add up to anything? The pieces sure haven't.

Larry Stark
Decorah, Iowa

Dear Heavy Metalers,

I've been a faithful reader of your mag for four years, and I realized the other day that I've never written to say hello. Hello. (*Same to you, Bruno.—ls*) As long as I'm here, I'd like to offer a little constructive criticism. (*I knew there was a catch.—ls*) No major changes, just little things that have been lessening the quality of this once great mag.

1) Get rid of the boobs 'n' butts 'n' blood covers you've been running.

2) To put it bluntly, stories like "I'm Age," by Jeff Jones, and "Zora," by Fernandez, are pure shit. Discontinue them immediately.

3) Richard Corben is an over rated boob. Discontinue him immediately (loved the Corben take-off in "Rock Opera" though).

4) Get rid of the articles. This is an *illustrated* fantasy magazine, not *Reader's Digest*.

5) Take a pistol and put three bullets in the head of Brad Balfour and three in the head of Lou Stathis. (*I think I deserve at least four if Brad's getting three.—ls*) These two are to good taste as horseshit is to gourmet dining. (*Sure, ask any fly.—ls*)

Thanks for the time to chat.

Bruno Quatzman
Nowhereland, USA

You're welcome. And while we're into some mindless whining

Dear *HM*:

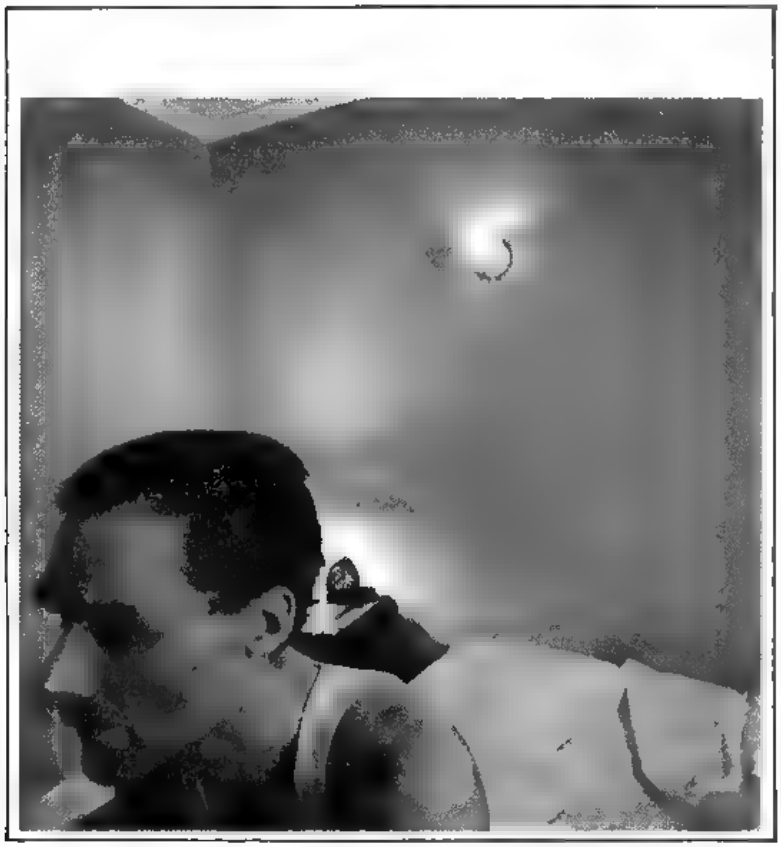
I have read your magazine from its first inception and have watched it, in general, decline in quality and taste. This is not my own personal value judgment (*Oh, no?—ls*), merely a reaction to having my intelligence repeatedly insulted. Specifically, I am referring to "Shakespeare for Americans." In this feature, you showcase caricatures of American media and Hollywood clichés as truly representative of the American people. The impression is of one catering to the handicapped.

Steven McIsle
Staten Island, N.Y.

Enough. This letter drones on for a bit, but I think you get the point—much as Mr. McIsle doesn't. Do you also think, Steven, that Richard Pryor's caricatures truly represent American blacks? Does the word "satire" mean anything to you? ls

Falling Eyelids

a foto novella



Adal Alberto Maldonado's *Falling Eyelids*
is a photographic novel, with a well developed group of characters and powerful rhythms of theme and subtheme. That it is a strange tale I cannot deny. But its strangeness is that of the dream.
Although very personal, so too is it immediately accessible.

Falling Eyelids
HEAVY METAL, Dept HM882
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of Adal Alberto Maldonado's *Falling Eyelids* at $12 00 each (plus $1 00 for postage and handling).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax)

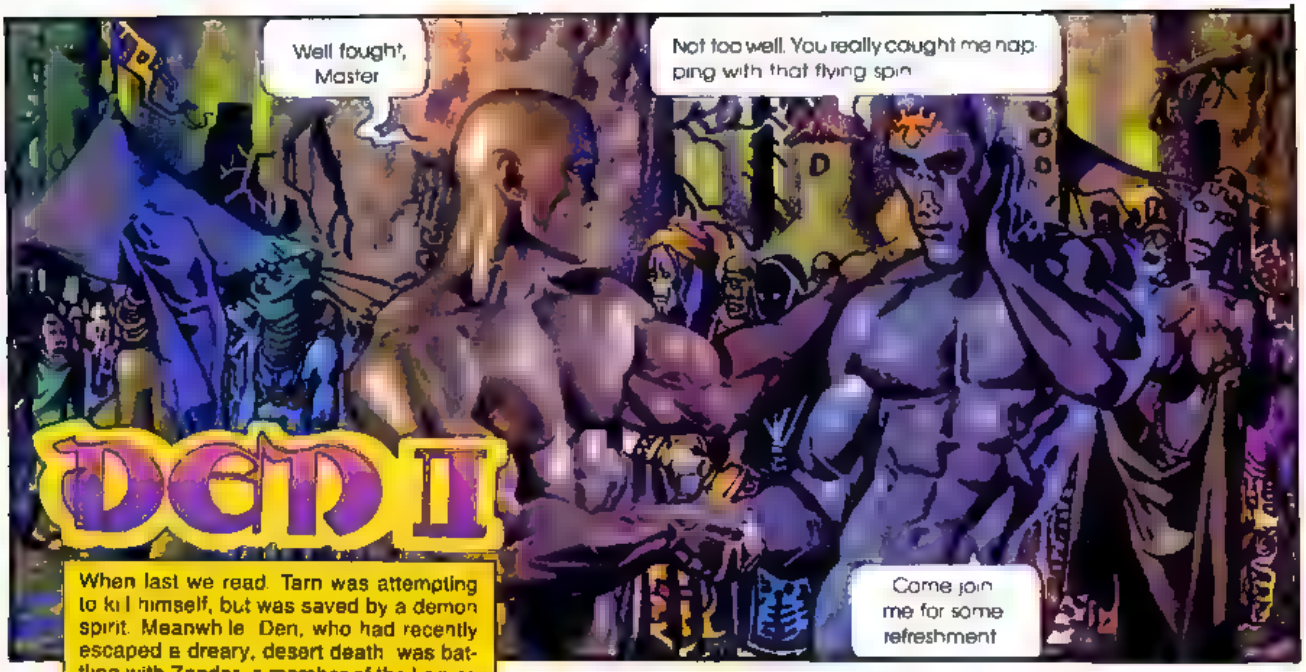
If you do wish to order, but do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, please print the necessary info on a separate piece of paper and enclose it with a check or money order

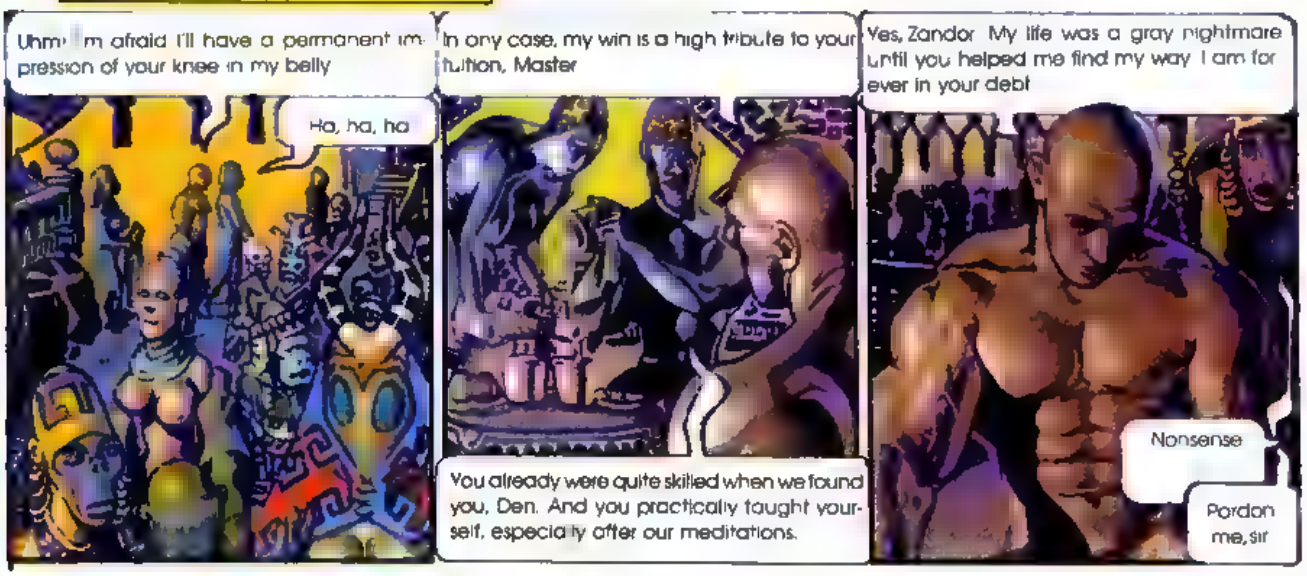
"His wisps of people in bare rooms and other images set up questions that can only rock one's perception of existence. One can almost hear the air hissing out of realism's balloon while watching Adal's visual swordplay."

Michael Edelson

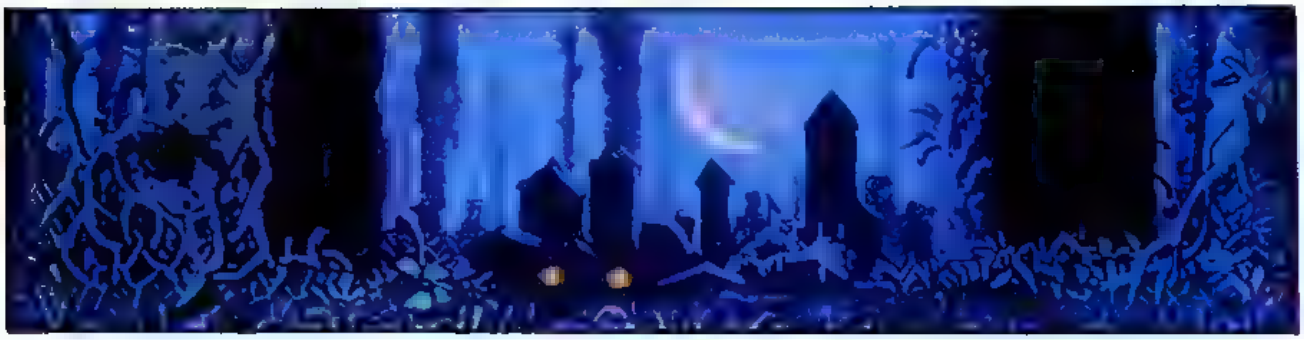
This 60-page foto novella, by one of *Heavy Metal*'s premier fumetti artists, is 10½ inches by 13½ inches and printed on matte-coated stock paper. Order today!

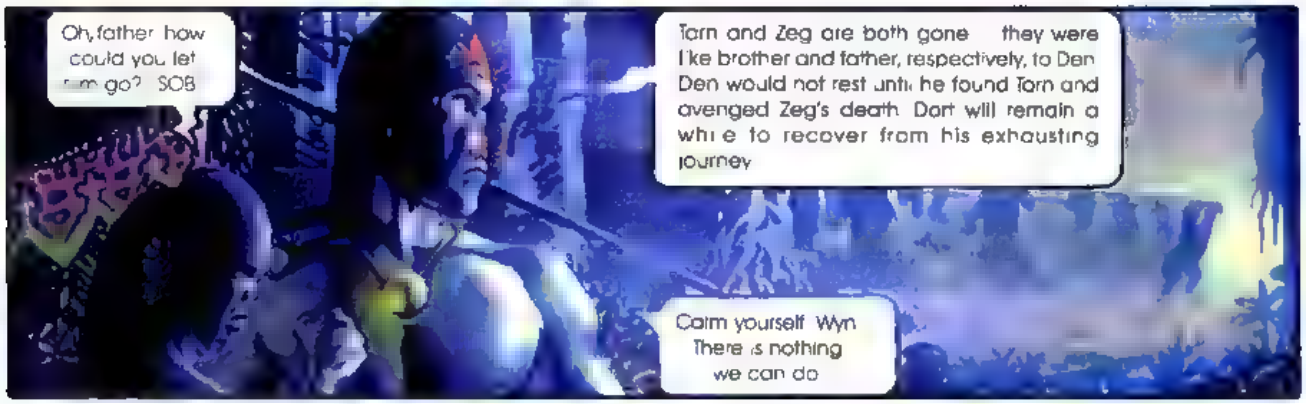
Published by
Foto Graphic Editions

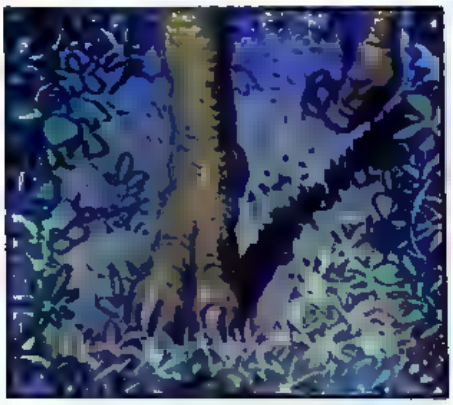

Well fought, Master
Not too well. You really caught me napping with that flying spin
DEN II
When last we read: Tarn was attempting to kill himself, but was saved by a demon spirit. Meanwhile, Den, who had recently escaped a dreary, desert death, was battling with Zandor, a member of the Lorung tribe
Come join me for some refreshment

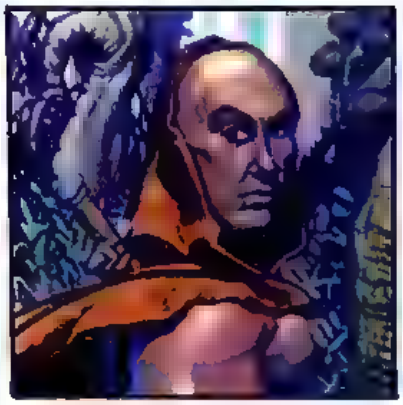

Uhm! I'm afraid I'll have a permanent impression of your knee in my belly
Ha, ha, ha
In any case, my win is a high tribute to your tuition, Master
You already were quite skilled when we found you, Den. And you practically taught yourself, especially after our meditations.
Yes, Zandor. My life was a gray nightmare until you helped me find my way. I am forever in your debt
Nonsense
Pardon me, sir

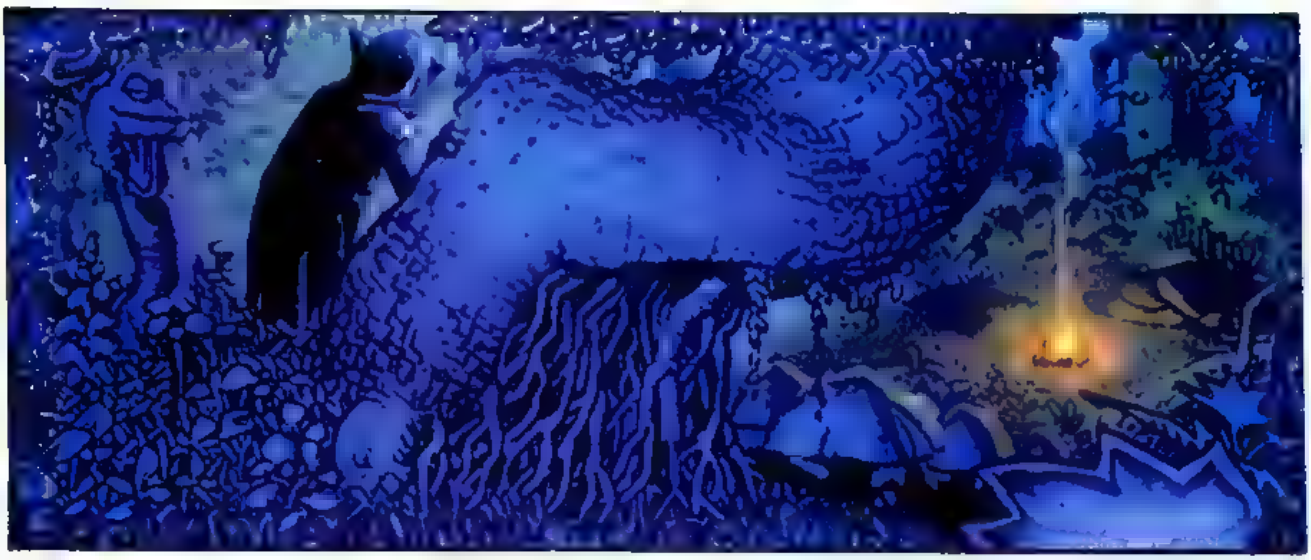
There is a stranger in camp who claims to know Den
Den! Den!
Den, it's me, Dort. I was Lord Zeg's captain.
DORT
Please join us, Dort
I fear I bring you bad news, Den. Zeg is dead. Six of his family are missing and Zeglum burned. We survivors believe Scon killed the old Master. Young Tarn ran away into Muvovum and still hasn't been found

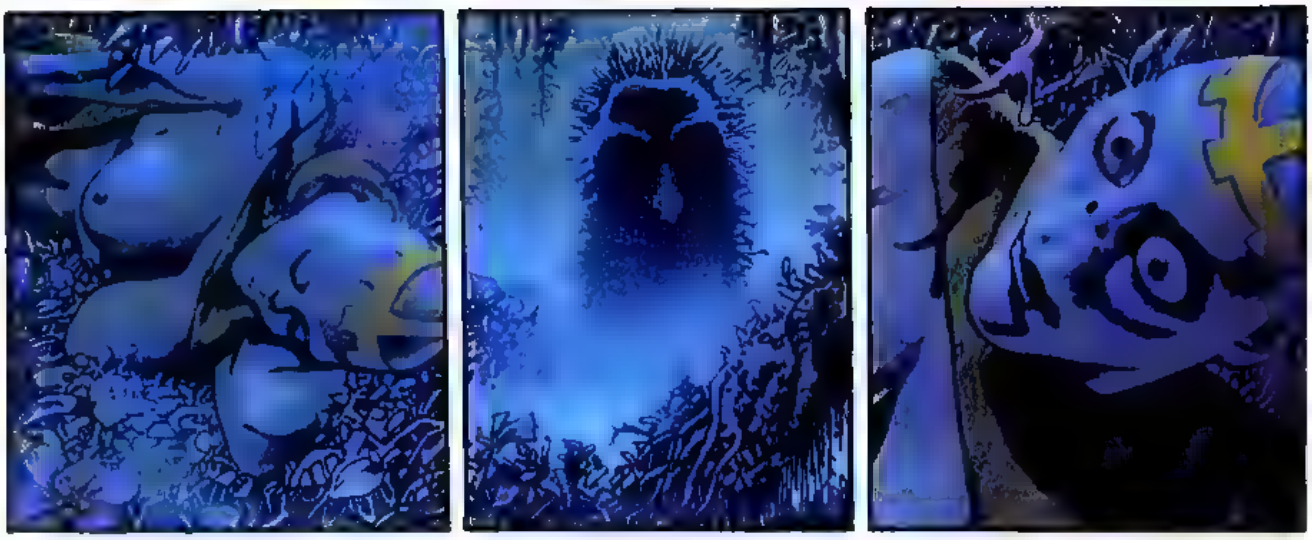



Oh, father how could you let him go? SOB
Torn and Zeg are both gone they were like brother and father, respectively, to Dan Dan would not rest until he found Torn and avenged Zeg's death Dart will remain a while to recover from his exhausting journey
Calm yourself Wyn There is nothing we can do







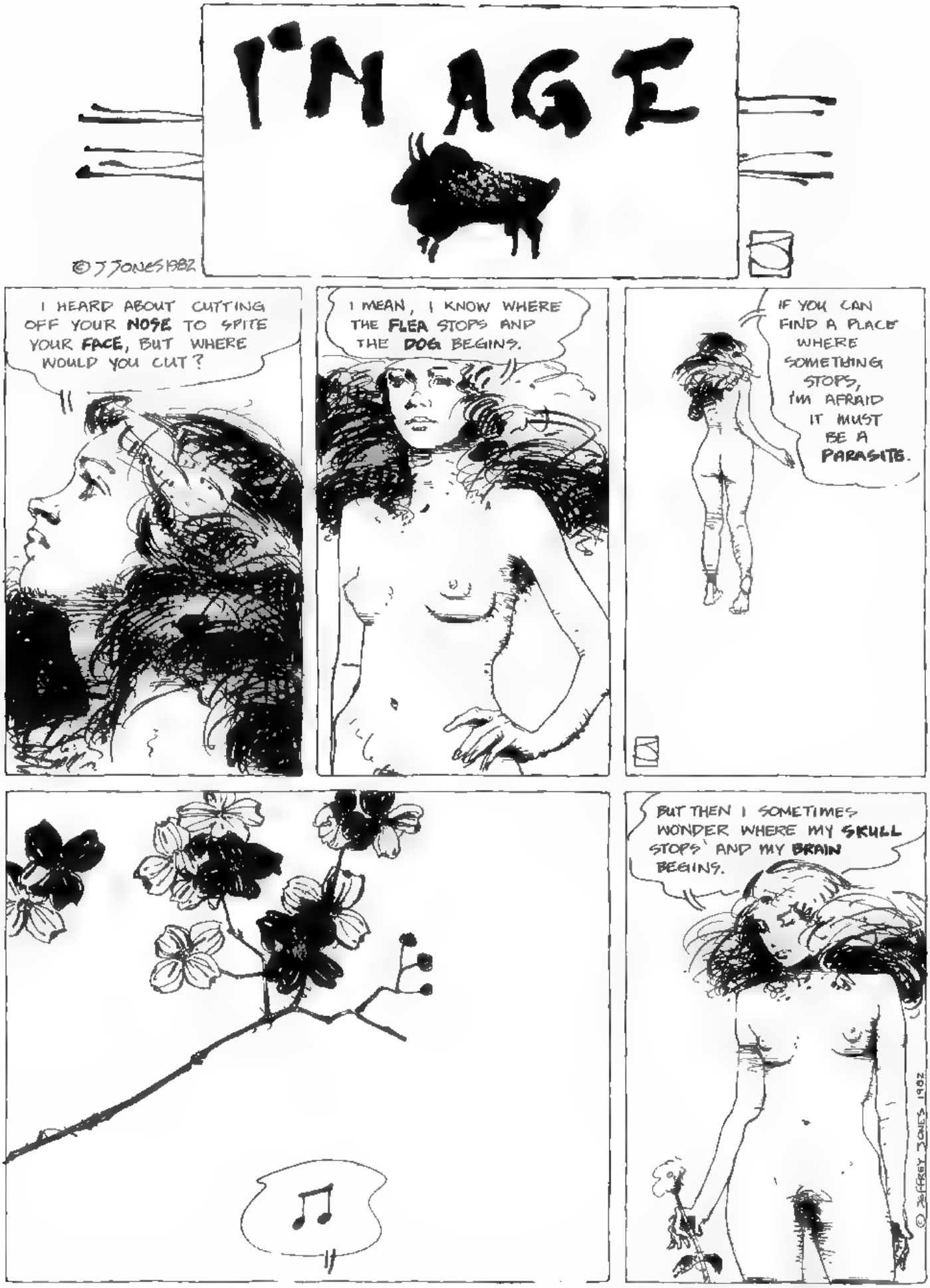


AARIEE!

©

NO! NO!

To be continued

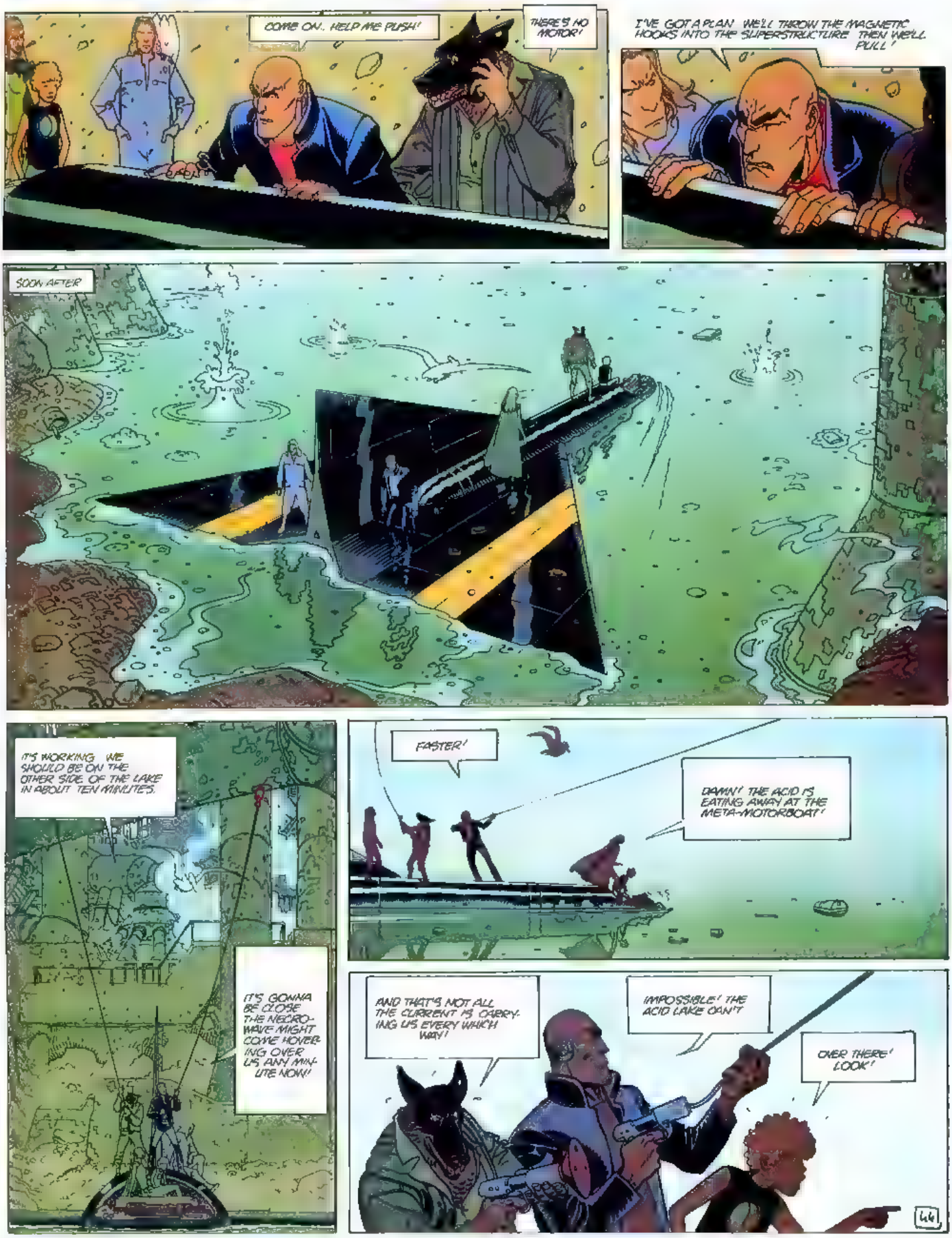

I'M AGE
©J JONES 1982
I HEARD ABOUT CUTTING OFF YOUR NOSE TO SPITE YOUR FACE, BUT WHERE WOULD YOU CUT?
I MEAN, I KNOW WHERE THE FLEA STOPS AND THE DOG BEGINS.
IF YOU CAN FIND A PLACE WHERE SOMETHING STOPS, I'M AFRAID IT MUST BE A PARASITE.
BUT THEN I SOMETIMES WONDER WHERE MY SKULL STOPS AND MY BRAIN BEGINS.
© JEFFREY JONES 1982

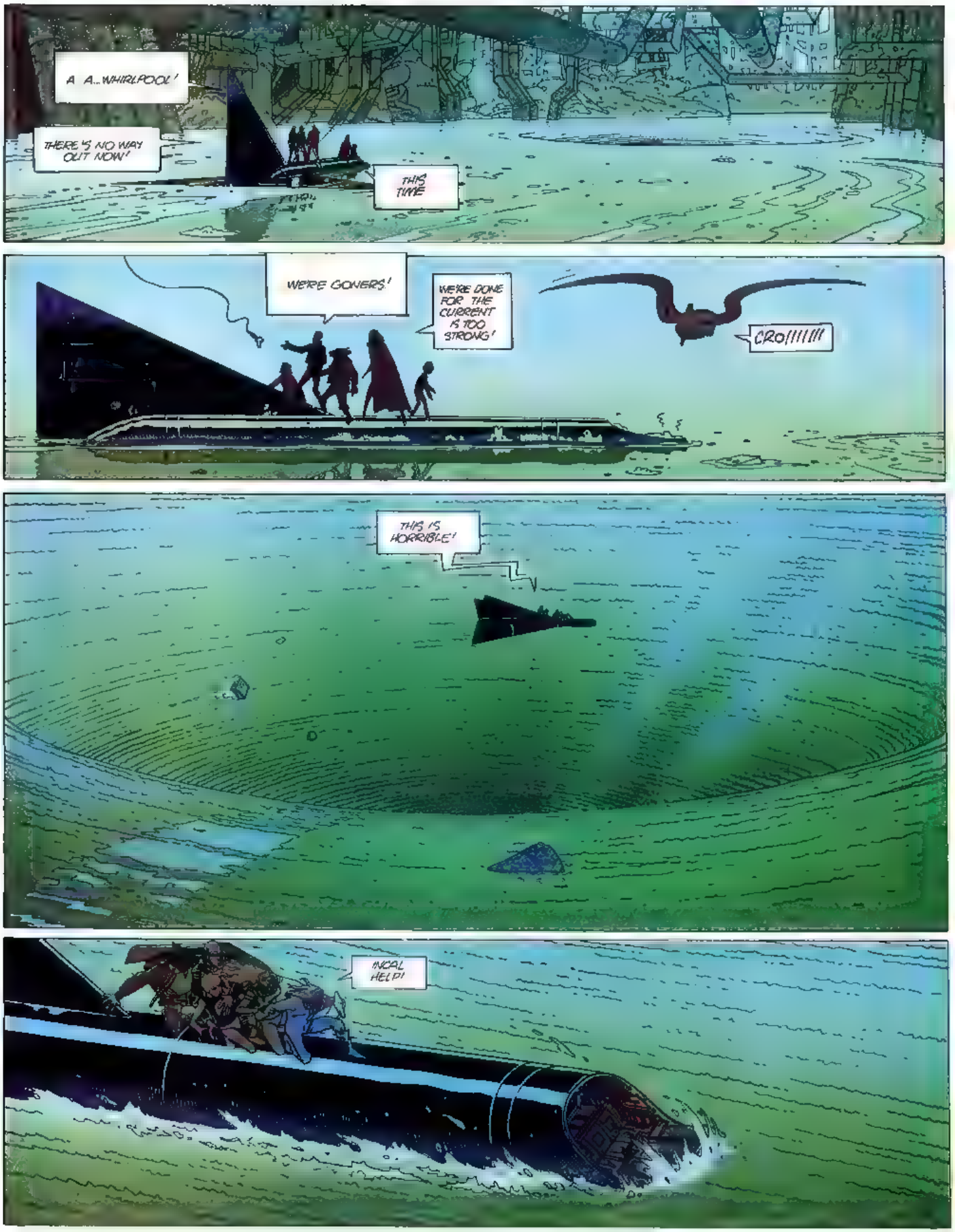
THE INCAL LIGHT

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

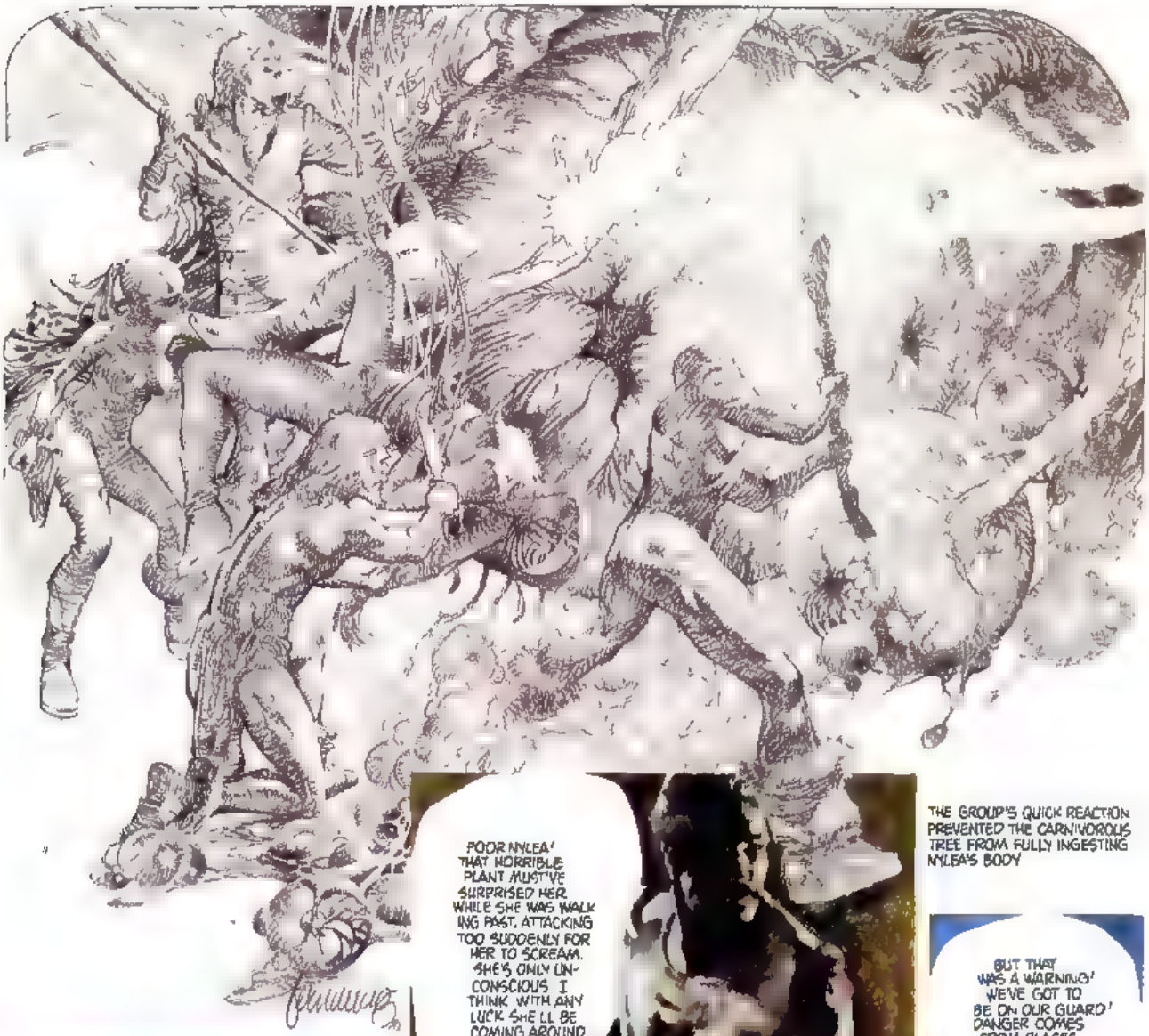
BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY AND MOEBIUS
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND

LAST WE SAW, THE GODMOTHER HAD RETREATED TO THE INNER DEPTHS OF THE ACID LAKE IN ORDER TO SEEK REFUGE FROM THE CRAZED NEGRO-WAVE DESTROYER SHE HAD DECIDED TO GIVE UP HER LIFE OF GREED AND DESTRUCTION, BUT THAT WAS A MONTH AGO. LET'S SEE WHAT SHE'S UP TO NOW.
CREEK
MY FAITHFUL SERVANTS, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
WHO GOES THERE?
IT IS I, TANATAH
BE CARE FUL!
SCCROOMM!
?
THE THE GAL LERY IT'S COLLAPSING!
COME ON. WE CAN ESCAPE THROUGH THIS HOLE!
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
THE ACID LAKE!
AND THE META-MOTORBOAT
BUT EVERY-THING IS NOT LOST! THERE'S ANOTHER WAY OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE!
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME. A FEW MORE MINUTES WITH THIS BOAT HERE AND WE WOULD HAVE BEEN LEGALLY MARRIED
HEY! THERE'S DEEPO!
A BUNCH OF ROCKS FELL ON TOP OF THE MOTORBOAT. I WAS REALLY BLOWIN' AWAY FOR A MINUTE
WELL, FORGET IT NOW. THE MOTOR IS RUINED.


COME ON.. HELP ME PUSH!
THERE'S NO MOTOR!
I'VE GOT A PLAN. WE'LL THROW THE MAGNETIC HOOKS INTO THE SUPERSTRUCTURE. THEN WE'LL PULL!
SOON AFTER
IT'S WORKING. WE SHOULD BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES.
IT'S GONNA BE CLOSE. THE NECRO-WAVE MIGHT COME HOVERING OVER US ANY MINUTE NOW!!
FASTER!
DAMN! THE ACID IS EATING AWAY AT THE META-MOTORBOAT!
AND THAT'S NOT ALL. THE CURRENT IS CARRYING US EVERY WHICH WAY!
IMPOSSIBLE! THE ACID LAKE CAN'T
OVER THERE! LOOK!
44


A A...WHIRLPOOL!
THERE'S NO WAY OUT NOW!
THIS TIME
WE'RE GONERS!
WE'RE DONE FOR THE CURRENT IS TOO STRONG!
CRO!!!!!!!
THIS IS HORRIBLE!
INCAL HELP!

THE END... BUT NOT FOR LONG, 'CAUSE JOHN DIFOOL WILL CONTINUE HIS WHIRLING ADVENTURES IN "WHAT GOES DOWN MUST COME UP!" SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY PAGES!



ZORA

THEY ATTACKED THE MONSTROUS PLANT FURIOUSLY, VENTING THEIR PAIN AND HATRED FOR THE TWISTED, HOSTILE EARTH

POOR NYLEA! THAT HORRIBLE PLANT MUST'VE SURPRISED HER WHILE SHE WAS WALKING PAST, ATTACKING TOO SUDDENLY FOR HER TO SCREAM. SHE'S ONLY UNCONSCIOUS. I THINK WITH ANY LUCK SHE'LL BE COMING AROUND ANY SECOND NOW.

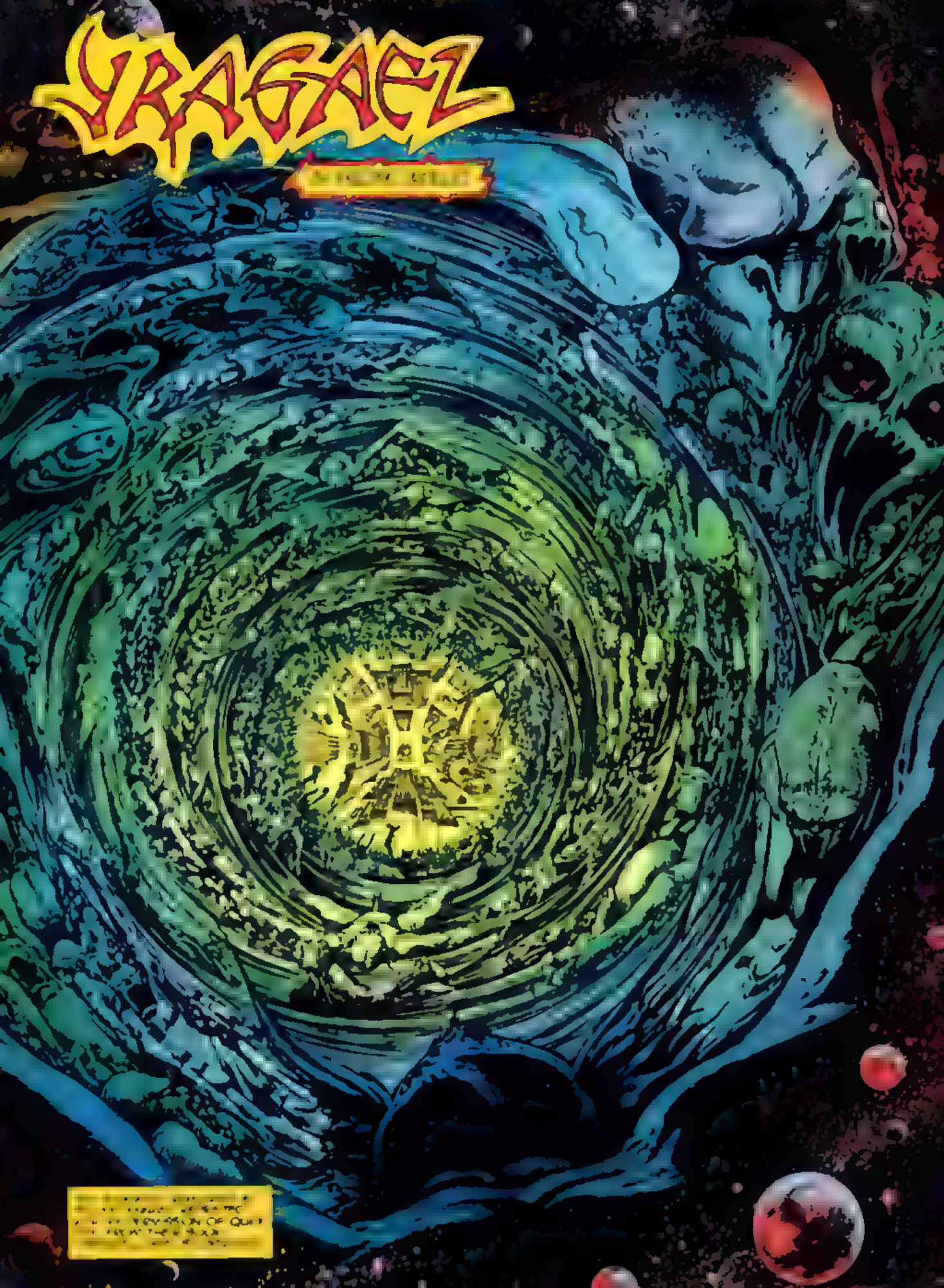
THE GROUP'S QUICK REACTION PREVENTED THE CARNIVOROUS TREE FROM FULLY INGESTING NYLEA'S BODY

STORY AND ART: FERNANDO FERNANDEZ

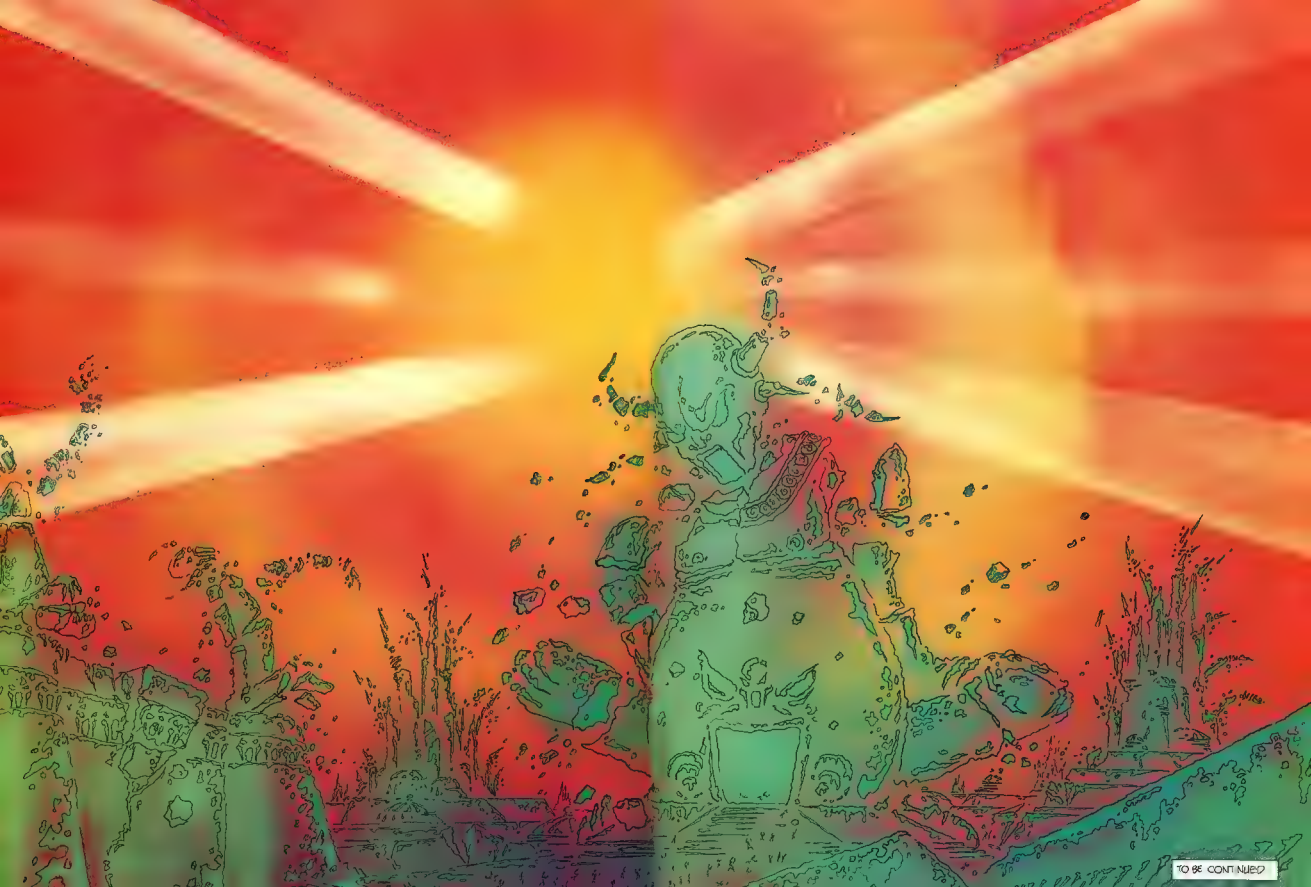
THE PROPHECY OF THE FULL MOON HAS BEEN FULFILLED AGAIN, OFFERING US VICTIMS FOR THE SACRIFICE!
THE DANGER AND WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN A NIGHT HUNTING PARTY OF THE MAN-EATERS OF ACRATANGOR? THEIR FORWARD SCOUTS HAD ALREADY SPOTTED THE GROUP OF STRANGERS.
YOU CAN'T DIE KYLEA! DESTINY HAS LINKED OUR FUTURES! I'VE HAD A HUNCH ABOUT US EVER SINCE I FIRST SAW YOU. DESPITE YOUR AIR OF HIERARCHICAL IMPORTANCE

HOW EASY IT IS TO SPEAK OF DESTINY WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE! BAH!
YOU'VE FINALLY OPENED YOUR EYES! CALM YOURSELF, WE'RE HERE
OH, BRONCO! PRAISE THE HIVE-MOTHER!
BRAVE WARRIORS! SEIZE THE HEATHENS SO THAT WE MAY OFFER THEIR SOULS TO ACRATON! WE REJOICE FOR THOSE WHO DIE, FOR THEY WILL BE WITH US AT THE FEAST! BRAVE WARRIORS! NOW!

THE HUNTING PARTY HIDDEN UNTIL THEN BY THE VEGETATION, SUDDENLY BURST FORTH. TRANSFORMED INTO A HOWLING HORDE, SUBHUMAN SCREAMS ERUPTING FROM THEIR THROATS!
THIS BIO-STIMULATOR SHOULD ACCELERATE THE HEALING PROCESS BUT BY THE HIVE! WHAT'S THAT?
WE'RE BEING ATTACKED! STAY HERE WITH HER, ZORA! BRONCO! ROB GET YOUR GUNS!
THEY HAD BARELY ENOUGH TIME TO FORM A DEFENSE AGAINST THE LIVING WAVE OF SCREAMING FANATICS
FOR ACRATON!
OUR GUNS AREN'T STOPPING THEM! THEY AREN'T AFRAID TO DIE
BASTARDS
BRAMM
MCGG
TO BE CONTINUED..


RAGAGZ

THEY ROARED, VOMITED
TORRENTS OF TITANIC FIREBRANDS.
STARS WOVEN OF THUNDER...
FALLS


TO BE CONTINUED

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Roger the paranoid puppet," Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo s "Rock blitz," highly praised "Shells." beginning of Davis s "World Apart, Moebius Corben Bodé, more

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius "Arzach " part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow", conclusion of "Sunpot "

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart' and 'Den' continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera plus more 'World Apart ' "Den," and " Polonius "

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius s "Airtight Garage," 'Den ' and "Polonius" back again yet more

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for "Polonius" and ' World Apart '

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz,' by Druillet, Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben Macedo Claveloux, and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and P chard update *Ulysses*, Conquering Armies' concludes 'Den' continues

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben, et al

#12/MARCH '78: Swashbuckling Orion" debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow, more Barbarella ' 'Urm,' and 'Den

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30 page insert from Paradise 9, ' and "Barbarel a gives birth, while 'Den" wraps it up

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad waves bye bye but ' Orion and 'Barbarella' continue and A ex Nino tips h s hat

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated more Barbarella, ' and the origins of 'Heilman

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996 ' resumption of Druillet s Gail," more "Heilman, ' 'Orion,' More Than Human, ' and Corben's Arabian Nights '

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated ' Glass Goblin debut of McKie s "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus usual

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more Sindbad, ' "Exterminator, Major Grubert, "He lman' 's final rebirth, more

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with 'Orion,' Kirchner's Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes "Gal plus McKie and Corben How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic " 'Starcrown ' Corben s Sindbad, McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination, ' 'Starcrown ' II and Ellison s late show

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's 'Dancin ' and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien '

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé s 'Zooks ' premieres Corben s 'Sindbad" concludes Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with ' New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic, Bodé more

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: 'Elric," 'Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, ' and Little Red V-3 ' alongside Montellier and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let s give thanks for Corben's ' Rowlf,' Bodé s 'Zooks ' Brunner s "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination " Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza Corben, Kofoed Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus Gnomes' and Giants

#34/JANUARY '80: A new year/ new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben s "Rowlf, and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip

#36/MARCH '80: Why did 'The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten Bros strip! Plus Corben, Matena Moebius, and Lee Marrs s 'Good Vibrations '

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of 'Champakou' in living color, final installment of Moebius s "Airtight Garage," plus Caza Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will 'Champakou ' reach the Do l of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never tell!

#39/JUNE '80: 'Champakou meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY '80. "The Alchemist Supreme' continues, Axle learns truth about sidek ck Musky Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with the 1st instalment of Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave (and is interv ewed) Bila continues "Progress"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: 'The Alchemist Supreme' concludes while Bilal's 'Progress" picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while ' Rock Opera" gets stranger yet

#43/OCTOBER '80: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Hé, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr Corben and Matena, and not to be missed!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: With the *Shogun* spirit abaze, this issue s cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius Kaluta, Springett, and Bila

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's 'Valentina " and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality Papa? ' Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog Rock Opera," and Moebius!

#46/JANUARY '81: Jeronaton returns with 'Woman ' Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang Hsh " Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and 'Rock Opera ' Moeb us tells us " There is a Prince Charming on Phenixor!"

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense, while "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interv ew with the man himself

#48/MARCH '81: ' Tex Arcana ' John Findley's epic Western, be-

Photography Bob Smith

gins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* ends. Plus, Harlan Ellison's eviscerating essay on violence in America.

#49/APRIL '81: "Art and the Nazis" Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortal's Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax and our own John Workman!

#52/JULY '81: Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor," Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up.

#53/AUGUST '81: Spinrad on the immoral Majority, the 3rd part of the Corben interview, plus a 16-page pull-out section on making the *Heavy Metal* movie.

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: Corben's "Den II," Jeff Jones's "Iman Age," Juan Giménez's "Infantrymen! Infantrymen!," and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror.

#55/OCTOBER '81: Shakespeare for Americans," 1st episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Bilal, and Steranko.

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#57/DECEMBER '81: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles and Corben. Plus: odd ending to "The Immortals' Fete."

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon and "The Autonomous Man" by Davis, Chudnow, and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus: Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten, et al.

#60/MARCH '82: Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy.

#61/APRIL '82: Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: In this issue we give you the 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution," and let you look at "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue. With artists: Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb. All surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten and Fernandez. Enjoy.

#64/JULY '82: Marcelo and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus: Jones, Garcia, Druillet, etc.

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 8-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
	May 1977	$4.00
	June 1977	$3.00
	July 1977	$3.00
	Aug. 1977	$3.00
	Sept. 1977	$3.00
	Oct. 1977	$3.00
	Nov. 1977	$3.00
	Dec. 1977	$3.00
	Jan. 1978	$3.00
	Feb. 1978	$3.00
	Mar. 1978	$3.00
	Apr. 1978	$3.00
	May 1978	$3.00
	June 1978	$3.00
	July 1978	$3.00
	Oct. 1978	$3.00
	Nov. 1978	$3.00
	Dec. 1978	$3.00
	Jan. 1979	$3.00
	Feb. 1979	$3.00
	Mar. 1979	$3.00
	May 1979	$3.00
	July 1979	$3.00
	Aug. 1979	$3.00
	Sept. 1979	$3.00
	Oct. 1979	$3.00
	Nov. 1979	$3.00
	Dec. 1979	$3.00
	Jan. 1980	$3.00
	Feb. 1980	$3.00
	Mar. 1980	$3.00
	Apr. 1980	$3.00
	May 1980	$3.00
	June 1980	$3.00
	July 1980	$3.00
	Aug. 1980	$3.00
	Sept. 1980	$3.00
	Oct. 1980	$3.00
	Nov. 1980	$3.00
	Dec. 1980	$3.00
	Jan. 1981	$3.00
	Feb. 1981	$3.00
	Mar. 1981	$3.00
	Apr. 1981	$3.00
	May 1981	$3.00
	June 1981	$3.00
	July 1981	$3.00
	Aug. 1981	$3.00
	Sept. 1981	$3.00
	Oct. 1981	$3.00
	Nov. 1981	$3.00
	Dec. 1981	$3.00
	Jan. 1982	$3.00
	Feb. 1982	$3.00
	Mar. 1982	$3.00
	Apr. 1982	$3.00
	May 1982	$3.00
	June 1982	$3.00
	July 1982	$3.00

I've enclosed a total of $ _____
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

Beautiful Binders

For just $5.50 you get our old standby—a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or, our new more sophisticated black "Naugahyde" binder with silver letters, for just $5.95. Each can be obtained chock full o' back issues (January through December, of 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, are $26.00 each), or empty, which doubles real nicely as a Sunday dress-up hat!

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 8-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
	Ol'standby binder	$5.50
	New, sophisticated binder	$5.95
	Ol'standby with issues (list each year you would like)	$26 plus $3 postage and handling ($6 Canadian and Foreign)
	New sophisticated with issues (list each year you would like)	$26 plus $3 postage and handling ($6 Canadian and Foreign)

I've enclosed a total of $ _____
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

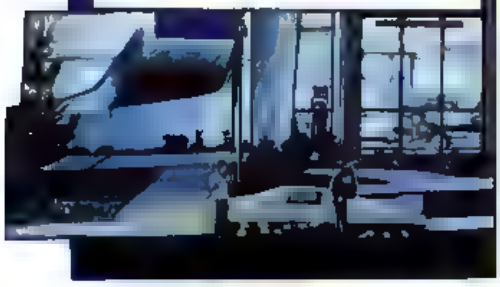
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

ROCK OPERETTA

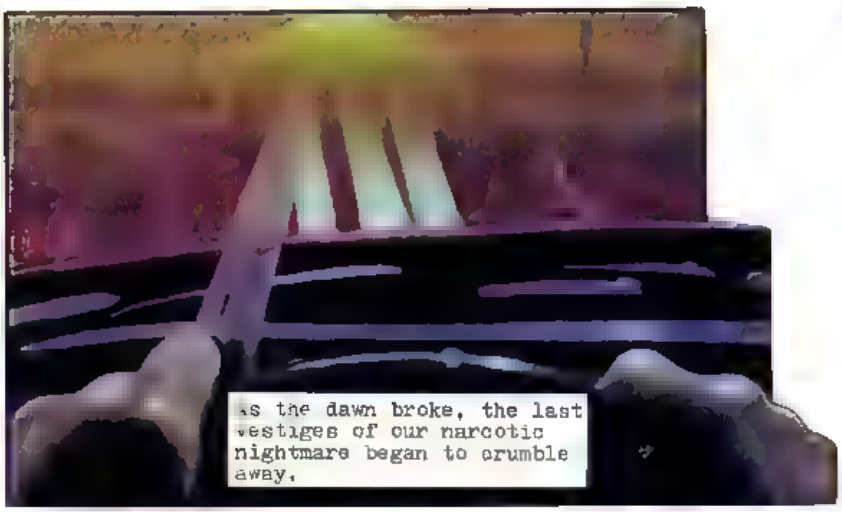
Trapped in a drug-induced illusion of home ownership, career goals, and high interest rates——in other words, reality——I had gone berserk with a Ronco Weedeater and rescued Marty from his android groupies. Now we were in his Flycar on our way to rescue Adeline Jones from the Deva...



What did you have to knock their heads off for? I thought you were non-violent. You even killed your wife!

She was a robot.

So? She cooked and kept the house clean, didn't she? You try finding some modern career harpy who'll do that for you! She was the best you'll ever have...



As the dawn broke, the last vestiges of our narcotic nightmare began to crumble away.

We suddenly realized that we'd been galloping along a cracked asphalt track, pushing a rusting metal hulk in front of us.

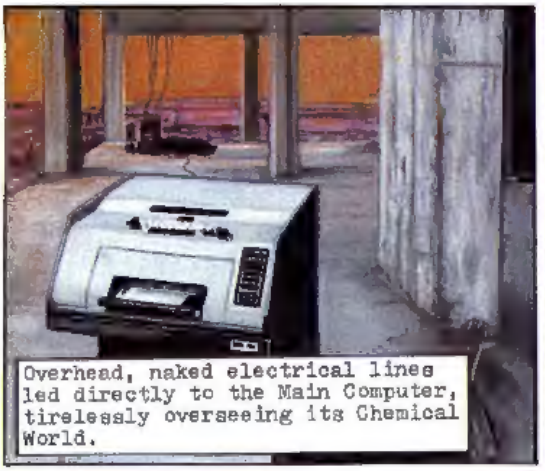
All around, packed bumper to bumper in the pink haze--

--other Sisyphean figures wrestled with their vehicles, drugged into a day dream of Happy Motoring.

©1982 ROD KIERKEGAARD, JR.

We abandoned the effort and climbed onto an overpass to gaze at the city. We watched as it melted away to a squat collection of concrete shells and muddy trenches,

gravel roads and railroad tracks where gangs of robots trotted, occasionally escorting some grinning, drooling prisoner.



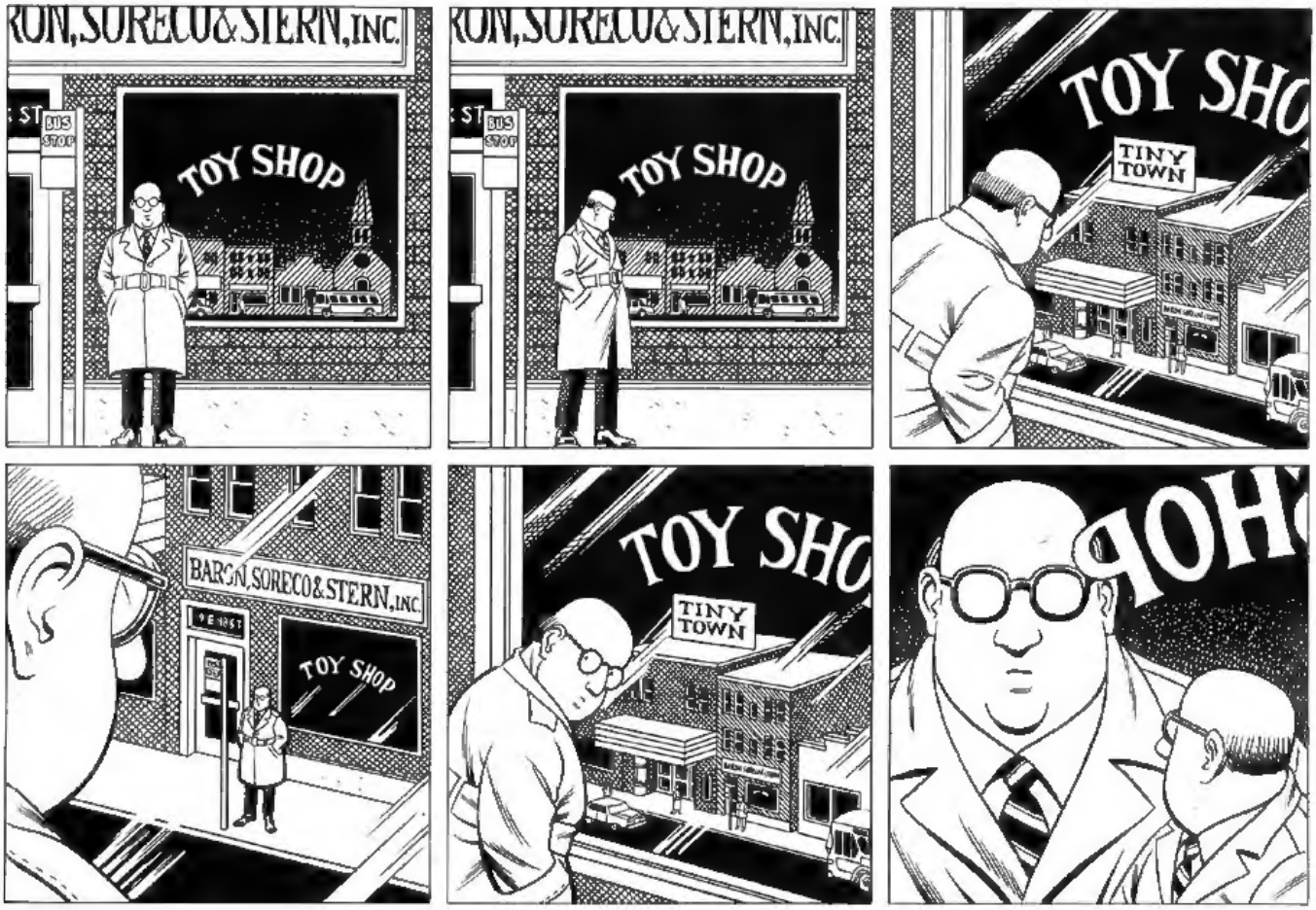
So the whole city--our condos, our jobs--were just part of a real estate venture by the Deva.
What a low-budget production--they just used hallucinogens for most of it!

One element of the landscape was real enough, though; across the freeway, the rocket ship carrying Adeline off on her interstellar cruise with Bill Z. Bub stood gleaming on its launch-pad...

TO BE CONTINUED...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE

FREE T-SHIRT!

TAKE 1 FREE WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY! GET INSTANT RESPECT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE **NOT NICE T-SHIRTS! 1.** BEAM ME UP SCOTTY, THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE. **2.** FUCK'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE **3.** GREAT SPIRITS HAVE ALWAYS ENCOUNTERED VIOLENT OPPOSITION FROM MEDIOCRE MINDS (Albert Einstein) **4.** PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT **5.** TIME FLIES WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING **6.** I USED TO BE DISGUSTED, NOW I'M JUST AMUSED. **7.** WE'LL GET ALONG FINE AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE I'M GOD **8.** AGE AND TREACHERY WILL ALWAYS OVERCOME YOUTH AND SKILL **9.** WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT **10.** MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL **11.** I DON'T CARE. I DON'T HAVE TO. **12.** DON'T TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY, YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT ALIVE. **13.** I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET. I AM HARD TO GET. **14.** LEAD ME NOT INTO TEMPTATION, I CAN FIND IT MYSELF. **15.** YOU CAN GET MORE WITH A KIND WORD AND A GUN THAN YOU CAN WITH A KIND WORD **16.** I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING **17.** I GUESS YOU HAD TO BE THERE **18.** HOW MUCH SIN CAN I GET AWAY WITH AND STILL GO TO HEAVEN? **19.** THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH, BUT I'M JUST VISITING **20.** THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO **21.** I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T CARE. AND IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. **22.** LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH. THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT. **23.** IF YOU CAN'T DAZZLE 'EM WITH BRILLIANCE, BAFFLE 'EM WITH BULLSHIT **24.** WHEN CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS I ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE I'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE **25.** SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME **26.** HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY with (Un)"Smiling Face" **27.** QUESTION AUTHORITY **28.** SO? **29.** DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS, I JUST MIGHT TELL YOU THE TRUTH. **30.** JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID DOESN'T MEAN EVERYONE ISN'T OUT TO GET YOU **31.** IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS **32.** I'M NOT CYNICAL, JUST EXPERIENCED. **33.** THERE ARE NO RULES **34.** ASK ME IF I CARE **35.** THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS **36.** IF I TELL YOU YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY WILL YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME? **37.** IF YOU HAVE TO ASK YOU'LL NEVER KNOW **38.** I TALK TO MYSELF BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY TIME I CAN HAVE AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION **39.** NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED **40.** WHY LOOK HERE FOR THE JOKE? IT'S ALL AROUND US. **41.** WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY, AND THEY ARE US. **42.** POWER MEANS NOT HAVING TO RESPOND **43.** NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING. IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG. **44.** WHAT'S A NICE PERSON LIKE ME DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? **45.** WHY ARE WE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE? **46.** ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG **47.** NEVER KICK A MAN UNLESS HE'S DOWN **48.** I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY, BUT IT'S KEPT ME FROM GOING INSANE **49.** EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG, BUT YOU CAN BE STRAIGHTENED OUT **50.** I USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF **51.** WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES, BUT ONLY AFTER THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN OUT AND SHOT **52.** THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS SINCERITY. ONCE YOU CAN FAKE THAT YOU'VE GOT IT MADE. **53.** I'M NOT AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK **54.** I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU OUT, WHICH WAY DID YOU COME IN? **55.** I DO IT ANY DAMN WAY I PLEASE **56.** EVERYONE NEEDS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING. I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BEER. **57.** HOW CAN I LOVE YOU IF YOU WON'T LIE DOWN? **58.** I'D RATHER BE PISSED OFF THAN PISSED ON **59.** THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE SHIT **60.** DON'T BE HUMBLE. YOU'RE NOT THAT GREAT **61.** RAISE HELL **62.** TOO RIPPED, GOTTA GO **63.** I DO MY BEST TO BE JUST WHO I AM, BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE THEM **64.** ARE YOU MAKING THIS UP AS YOU GO ALONG? **65.** OH, REALLY? **66.** THERE IS NO GRAVITY. THE EARTH SUCKS! **67.** YOU CAN FIND SYMPATHY BETWEEN SHIT AND SYPHILLIS IN THE DICTIONARY **68.** WHEN IN CHARGE, PONDER. WHEN IN DOUBT, MUMBLE. WHEN IN TROUBLE, DELEGATE. **69.** I WOULD INSULT YOU, BUT YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT. SO I WON'T **70.** DON'T GIVE ME ANY SHIT **71.** TO ERR IS HUMAN. TO FORGIVE IS UNUSUAL. **72.** THOSE NOT BUSY BEING BORN ARE BUSY DYING **73.** WHAT THE FUCK, OVER? **74.** WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU **75.** LIFE IS PERVERSE. IT COULD BE BEAUTIFUL, BUT IT WON'T. **76.** IF IT'S NOT FUN, FORGET IT! **77.** CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM, CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM. **78.** DO YOU HAVE TO WORK AT BEING AN ASS OR DOES IT COME TO YOU NATURALLY? **79.** ONLY THOSE WHO ATTEMPT THE ABSURD CAN ACHIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE **80.** THIS IS A NICE PLANET TO VISIT, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE HERE **81.** YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW **82.** I'M NOT DEAF, I'M IGNORING YOU. **83.** WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GO SHOPPING **84.** YOU DISGUST ME, BUT I LIKE IT **85.** WHATEVER IT IS I'M AGAINST IT **86.** I'M THE PERSON YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT **87.** I DON'T GET EVEN, I GET BETTER. **88.** IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME I JUST LEFT **89.** WHAT'S IT WORTH TO YOU? **90.** ALL I WANT IS A LITTLE MORE THAN I'LL EVER GET **91.** YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE **92.** NO SHIT, SHERLOCK? **93.** HOW CAN I TELL YOU I LOVE YOU WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ON MY FACE? **94.** DON'T FUCK WITH MY REALITY **95.** REALITY POLICE **96.** NO MORE SMALL TALK **97.** WHAT WON'T YOU DO FOR A BUCK? **98.** IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE, IT'S HOW YOU LOOK PLAYING THE GAME **99.** GOD IS DEAD AND I WANT HIS JOB **100.** LET'S TALK DIRTY TO THE ANIMALS **101.** LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T EXIST **102.** I'M TOO SMART TO STUDY AND TOO CUTE TO CARE **103.** SHUT UP AND DANCE **104.** I'D RATHER HAVE A BOTTLE IN FRONT OF ME THAN A PRE-FRONTAL LOBOTOMY **105.** IF I KNEW I WOULDN'T EVEN WANT TO SAY **106.** WORK IS THE CURSE OF THE DRINKING CLASS **107.** LIFE IS TOO IMPORTANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY **108.** LET'S GET DRUNK AND BE SOMEBODY **109.** I CAN TELL YOU'RE LYING, YOUR LIPS ARE MOVING. **110.** ONE PERSON WITH COURAGE MAKES A MAJORITY **111.** I MAY BE GETTING OLDER, BUT I REFUSE TO GROW UP **112.** NOBODY KNOWS **113.** OUR PARENTS WERE NEVER OUR AGE **114.** NOTHING WAS EVER ACCOMPLISHED BY A REASONABLE PERSON **115.** SOUNDS LIKE A PERSONAL PROBLEM TO ME **116.** REMEMBER WHEN THE AIR WAS CLEAN AND SEX WAS DIRTY? **117.** I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM. I DRINK, I GET DRUNK, I FALL DOWN, NO PROBLEM! **118.** THERE IS NOTHING MORE RESTFUL THAN TAKING ORDERS FROM FOOLS **119.** NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF HUMAN STUPIDITY **120.** MANY ARE COLD, BUT FEW ARE FROZEN **121.** IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND THE ONE-EYED MAN IS KING **122.** DOES NOT COMPUTE **123.** CHAIRMAN OF THE BORED **124.** HE WHO LAUGHS LAST HAS NOT BEEN TOLD THE TERRIBLE TRUTH **125.** WE DON'T WANT TO PLAY THAT GAME NOW DO WE? **126.** I'M AS BAD AS THE WORST, BUT THANK GOD I M AS GOOD AS THE BEST **127.** I'M AS GOOD AS THE BEST, BUT THANK GOD I'M AS BAD AS THE WORST **128.** I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW **129.** IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS **130.** I'D RATHER LAUGH WITH THE SINNERS THAN CRY WITH THE SAINTS **131.** LIFE IS WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHILE YOU'RE BUSY MAKING OTHER PLANS **132.** SEX IS DIRTY, BUT ONLY IF YOU DO RIGHT **133.** WHEN I'M GOOD, I'M VERY GOOD. BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER. **134.** I'M MAD AS HELL AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE! **135.** WHEN I WANT YOUR OPINION I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU **136.** YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT, BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU NEED **137.** EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO DIE **138.** POVERTY SUCKS **139.** I'M REALLY ENJOYING NOT TALKING TO YOU. LET'S NOT TALK AGAIN REAL SOON, OK? **140.** OBVIOUSLY THE ONLY RATIONAL SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM IS SUICIDE **141.** REMEMBER: WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE **142.** I'M EASY TO PLEASE AS LONG AS I GET MY WAY **143.** I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PRETENDING TO BE EVIL AND SECRETLY BEING GOOD. THAT WOULD BE DISHONEST. **144.** I WOULD IF I COULD, BUT I CAN'T SO I WON'T **145.** ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD **146.** BE REASONABLE. DO IT MY WAY. **147.** NO EXCUSES WILL BE ACCEPTED **148.** SAVE THE HUMANS! **149.** THAT'S ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO **150.** THE WISE LEARN MORE FROM FOOLS THAN FOOLS LEARN FROM THE WISE **151.** AN OUNCE OF IMAGE IS WORTH A POUND OF PERFORMANCE **152.** PARDON ME WHILE I LAUGH **153.** I'M ALWAYS IN TROUBLE, BUT IT'S SO MUCH FUN **154.** JUST WHAT IS YOUR ACT? **155.** EVERYBODY'S CRAZY EXCEPT YOU AND ME. AND I'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT YOU LATELY. **156.** IT MAKES SENSE. NOT TO ME, BUT IT MAKES SENSE. **157.** YOU CAN'T FALL OFF THE FLOOR **158.** NUKE THE WHALES **159.** I'M LOVELY TO LOOK AT, DELIGHTFUL TO HOLD, BUT IF YOU TOUCH ME, I'LL KNOCK YOU COLD **160.** WHAT DOESN'T KILL ME MAKES ME STRONGER **161.** DEATH IS THE GREATEST KICK OF ALL. THAT'S WHY THEY SAVE IT FOR LAST. **162.** IF YOU DON'T KNOW BY KNOW IT'S TOO LATE **163.** I'M NOT PREJUDICED, I HATE EVERYONE EQUALLY. **164.** I'D RATHER BE A LEADER IN HELL THAN A FOLLOWER IN HEAVEN **165.** I'D RATHER BE IN BED **166.** WISH YOU WERE (NT) HERE **167.** I THINK I COULD FALL MADLY IN BED WITH YOU. First quality 100% cotton HANES medium weight t-shirts directly hand silk screened using the finest inks available today. SIX COLORS AVAILABLE: White print on BLACK (B), NAVY (N), or RED (R); Black print on WHITE (W), LIGHT BLUE (L) or YELLOW (Y). Indicate 2nd and 3rd color choices. We may substitute colors unless you specify otherwise. **S/M/L/XL. BE SURE TO SPECIFY SIZES AND COLORS (PLEASE!)** $8.95 each. Add $1 p&h per t-shirt (including Freebies). Your order will be rushed by **FIRST CLASS MAIL**. Please allow two weeks for delivery. **TAKE 1 MORE FREE WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY!** CA people add 6% sales tax. US Funds Only. MONEYBACK GUARANTEE. CATALOG $1 (FREE WITH ORDER) **IMAGE DESIGNS. #1141-HMB, 2000 Center, Berkeley, CA 94704.**

The Theory of Heavolution

As man evolves, so do his reading habits

In his newest form, man is a class-act mammal. (Note the two-hatted, four-legged, eyes-bulging creature before you.) At his present state of intelligence, ordinary magazines are just not good enough for him. That's where we come in.

Heavy Metal, the world's foremost adult illustrated fantasy magazine, hits the spot. With 1,200 pages a year, the quality of beauty and imagination of *Heavy Metal* is unsurpassed by other publications.

So, order today. Who knows? In another 100,000 years or so, *Heavy Metal* could be obsolete!

Heavy Metal, Dept. 282
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Three years (36 issues), regular price $39.00.
Now only $29.00 (80¢ per issue).

Two years (24 issues), regular price $32.00.
Now only $22.00 (92¢ per issue).

One year (12 issues), regular price $19.00.
Now only $14.00 ($1.16 per issue).

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for
____ 3 years, ____ 2 years, ____ 1 year.

☐ Payment enclosed: $ _____

Charge to my

☐ MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

☐ Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add $5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

Special silly sf section!
Plus:
MILO MANARA's "Apeman"
breaks loose,
MOEBIUS's "Incal Light"
blacks out,
and CAZA's
dead man
awakens.